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By the men . . for the men in the service

SOLDIER-DIVER

The Routine at an Air Force Redistribution Station

PAGE 8

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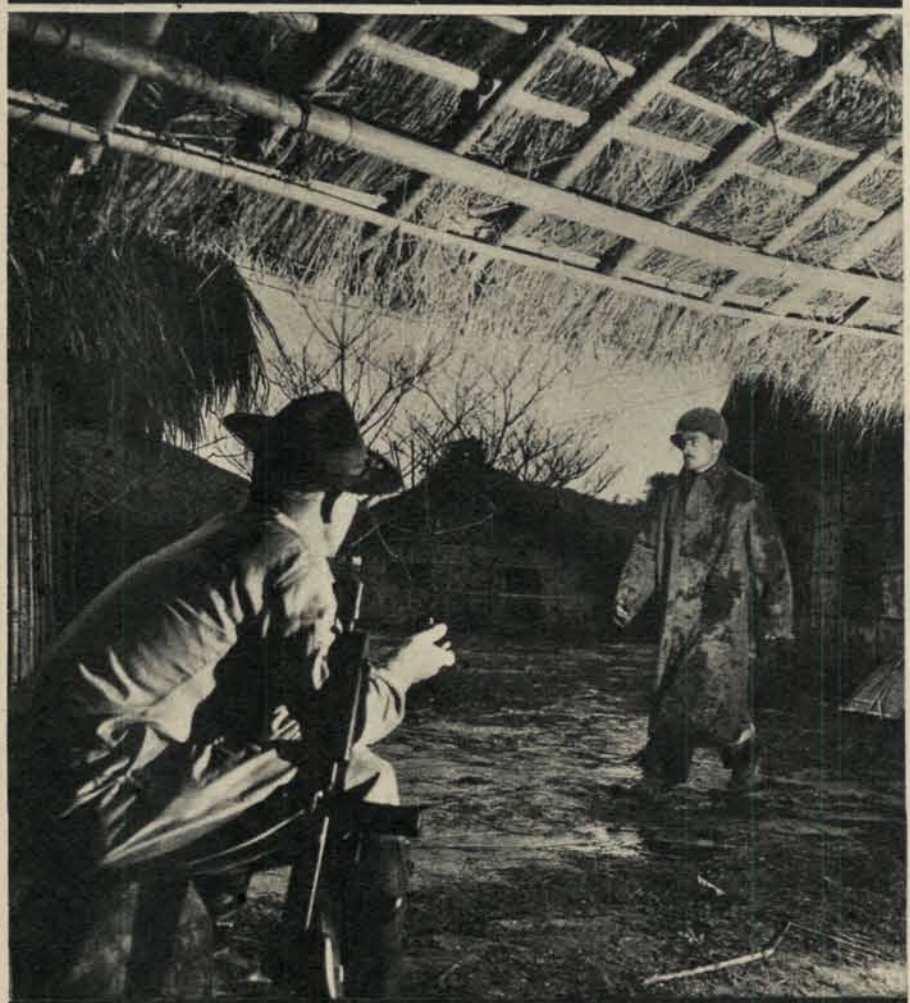
Col. Robert F. Tate (left), of the India-China Wing, with Capt. Lester Musgrove (center) and S/Sgt. John Shump, veterans of the Hump route.

A cargo plane of the ATC flies through scattered clouds on its way back to its home base in India along the 550-mile ferry route from China.



The monsoon season is a particularly tough one for the ferry pilots. At this jungle camp in Assam, India, an ATC base, rain falls for months.

A party including correspondent Eric Sevareid arrives at an air base after 26 days in the jungle where they had jumped from an ATC plane.

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By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND HEADQUARTERS, ASSAM, INDIA—The 9th of April, 1942, was a dim day for Allied power in the Far East. British and Chinese troops were retreating across Burma. Col. (now Maj. Gen.) Claire L. Chennault's game but outnumbered Flying Tigers were abandoning their air bases in central Burma before the advancing Jap ground forces. Lashio, southern terminus of the Burma Road and key point in the last Allied supply route to China, was in imminent danger of falling.

Just after dawn on that morning of Apr. 9, a battered and worn Douglas DC-3 transport plane took off from a jungle airfield in Assam, India, and climbed laboriously over the 14,000-foot peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, which separate India from China. The aging plane was loaded with 100-octane gas intended for the B-25s of Brig. Gen. (now Maj. Gen.) Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raiders, if they landed safely in China. Pilot of the DC-3 was Lt. Col. (now Brig. Gen.) William Donald Old of Uvalde, Tex.

Old's flight had little immediate effect on the course of the war in the Far East. But the long-range possibilities of that first aerial supply trip across the Hump—the name U. S. airmen have given the Himalayas—were not lost on a group of U. S. Army officers in India.

They saw that this new air route was more than the last hope of keeping China in the war until the vast potential of Allied power could be concentrated in the Far East. They realized that some day it might actually surpass the supply capacity of the winding, tedious Burma Road.

They were right.

American planes are now carrying more military supplies, by actual weight, to China than were hauled over the Burma Road in any average month during the two years before its capture by the Japs.

Those supplies are being transported by a constantly increasing fleet of U. S. two- and four-engine airplanes, operated by the Air Transport Command's India-China Wing between bases in Assam and Yunnan Province.

Gasoline and bombs used by Maj. Gen. Chennault's Fourteenth U. S. Air Force are flown into China by ATC planes. Weapons carriers, 2½-ton trucks, jeeps, 4,000-pound ack-ack guns, medical supplies, food and clothing for both Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell's U. S. forces in China and the Chinese Army itself are ferried through the skies by this huge cargo-carrying operation.

Dwarfing any commercial air-line operation in history, the India-China Wing's 24-hour-a-day ferry service over the Hump hauls more cargo than the combined pre-war freight carried by all U. S. civilian air lines. It has more pilots and operates more planes than America's three largest commercial lines did up to December 1941.

It even has its own "shuttle run" from the United States to Assam. Planes bring necessary spare parts and other high-priority supplies direct from Patterson Field, Ohio, to the ATC bases in northeastern India. The shuttles make the 15,000-mile trip in a few days, stopping only for fuel and new crews en route.

Officially the flyers of the ATC are not combat men; they are only freight crews. Yet they have flown the most dangerous air route in the world, bucking weather, mountains and Japs in daily defiance of the law of averages. Some of them have died carrying out their missions. Others have suffered injuries that will cripple them for life. All of them have done a job that rates right up alongside Guadalcanal and Salerno.

Weather and mountains are the principal headaches. Monsoons that ground the Jap air force in Burma don't stop the ferry crews flying the Hump. Freezing overcasts put three inches of ice on their windshields and two inches on their wings. The pilots have to fly blind when snow static cuts off radio communication and leaves them lost for hours. Sudden storms and downdrafts haunt them. Towering mountain peaks bend their radio beams miles off, so the pilots have to correct navigational drifts many degrees, and force the overloaded planes up to altitudes exceeding those at which they were designed to

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fly. Even so, there is always the threat of a mountain wall looming up still higher ahead.

A forced landing in this jungled and mountainous terrain is a million-to-one shot. Those odds were lengthened when the Japs offered the head hunters 300 *rupees* for every GI head.

Finally, the ferry crews face the constant threat of being jumped by roving Jap fighter patrols, packing a heavyweight punch of firepower; against this, the ATC transports have only tommy guns for protection.

BRIG. GEN. OLD was in charge of the first ferry service to China. But his duties were not limited to flying and administrative work. He was right down on the line with privates and corporals, loading and servicing planes for their daily flights. One night, the general and a ground-crew sergeant packed about 300 crates of gasoline on a plane. The next morning, Old flew it across the Hump and helped unload it. That was just a routine day for the general and his crew—Lt. John J. Boll of Ironton, Ohio; T/Sgt. Ernest Creach of Hammon, Okla., and S/Sgt. Albert Wagner of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Caleb V. Haynes of Mount Airy, N. C., took command of the ferry service late in April 1942 when U. S. Army transports arrived to supplement the Pan-American ships then on the route. All Burma was about to fall into Jap hands. The transport crews were called on for double emergency duty. After unloading their cargoes of supplies for the Flying Tigers and the retreating Chinese Army, the planes stopped at Lashio and Myitkyina to pick up loads of Burma refugees.

In the 10-day period before Lashio and Myitkyina fell to the Japs, 3,608 evacuees and 623 Chinese and British wounded soldiers were ferried to safety in India. DC-3s normally carrying 26 passengers were loaded with almost three times that number. On one trip Capt. Jake Sartz carried out 75 evacuees. Maj. Gen. Chennault himself was flown out of Loiwing in a ferry plane piloted by Brig. Gen. Old, when the Jap Army was only a few miles away.

Food for Lt. Gen. Stilwell's party on its retreat from Burma was dropped by Brig. Gen. Haynes from a DC-3 that was jumped by Jap Zeros on the way back to its base. The U. S. plane escaped after T/Sgt. Ralph Baldridge, the radio operator from Wynnewood, Pa., and Sgt. Bob Mocklin, the crew chief from Royalton, Pa., had emptied their tommy guns at the enemy fighters.

The entire Burma evacuation was accomplished without the loss of a single ferry plane, thanks to the one-man pursuit-force activities of Col. Robert L. Scott Jr. He kept the Japs off the tails of the ferry planes by bombing enemy bases and intercepting enemy patrols in his lone P-40.

Keeping the transport planes in operation during the monsoon months of 1942 was a desperate struggle. Not only the weather but lack of spare parts and reserve planes plagued the Assam-China-India Ferry Command, as it was then known. One crash put four grounded planes back in the air when the damaged ship was cut up and its parts distributed. Minor repairs were even made with adhesive tape and paper clips.

A shortage of mechanics was another drawback. Truck drivers and cooks doubled in brass as mechanics and maintenance men. At one time, one field had only nine mechanics to take care of 15 planes. They worked an 18-hour daily schedule until reinforcements arrived.

On Aug. 1, 1942, the ferry service was made part of the Tenth Air Force and renamed the India-China Ferry Command. Under Maj. Gen. Clayton L. Bissell, work was started on several new airfields in Assam, and the pilot strength was gradually increased.

Several former civilian air-line pilots arrived to take over the ferrying jobs. They included United Airlines' Capt. Dick Bechel of Los Angeles, Calif.; Capt. John Payne of Paducah, Ky., and Lt. Richard E. Cole of Dayton, Ohio; TWA's Capt. Bill Sanders of Kansas City, Mo., and Pennsylvania Central's Capt. Lester Musgrove of Grand Rapids, Mich. Cole had been Brig. Gen. Doolittle's co-pilot on the Tokyo raid. Payne was the first pilot to make a night flight across the Hump. It was done entirely with instruments, and the landing in China was made with no field lighting except smudge pots. Night flights across the Hump are now routine.

The enlisted crew chiefs and radio operators on the Hump planes also played an important part in the ferry route's development into a comparatively safe flying operation. The lessons they learned under what were probably the world's worst flying conditions have become gospel for later crewmen, who have had to cope with the same dangers. Among the pioneers were M/Sgt. Bud Gleason of Cleveland, Ohio; S/Sgt. Frank Ruth of Canton, Ill.; S/Sgt. Red Jones of Ravenna, Ky., and S/Sgts. Max Sharp, Johnny Shump and James W. Smith, all of Dayton, Ohio.

In those early days, the ferry planes took cargo over and brought soldiers back. The return loads were made up of 30 to 40 Chinese Army fighting men, brought to India to be drilled in American tactics and equipment at Lt. Gen. Stilwell's Chinese-American training center. Those same Chinese troops are now driving the Japs from northern Burma to open another supply route from India to China, the Ledo Road.

In December 1942, the Hump ferry route was made a part of the globe-circling route of the Air Transport Command. It was renamed the India-China Wing and put under Col. E. C. Alexander. Several C-46s and C-87s arrived to supplement the DC-3s. Their larger freight capacity immediately boosted Hump tonnage totals.

The C-46s were shipped to India before they had been fully tested in the States, and they soon developed several "bugs." That threw increased pressure on the overworked mechanics.

A shortage of transport pilots threatened to offset the increased number of planes assigned to the route. The ATC set up its own transition school in India where several single-engine pilots were trained and pressed into ferry service.

Today, under the command of Brig. Gen. Earl S. Hoag, the Hump ferry route is a typical U. S. assembly-line operation. Cargo planes fly a round-the-clock schedule. Some make three trips daily over the 550-mile route from Assam to China. Each plane must radio its engine status to its destination a half-hour before landing on the return trip so servicing facilities and a new crew will be ready to take over immediately.

Despite these improvements, the Hump run is still the most hazardous air route in the world. A special ATC rescue squadron has been formed to save crews and passengers forced to bail out over the Hump. Rescue planes stand by on a 24-hour watch, ready to take off if word comes that a plane has crashed or been shot down.

As soon as the survivors are located, the rescue plane drops medical supplies, maps, food, rifles and signal panels. The panels are used in patterns on the ground to spell out a message notifying the rescue ship whether anyone is seriously injured. In such a case, a flight surgeon and enlisted medical soldiers parachute to the spot to give immediate aid. The plane maintains contact with the party as the men make their way back over the jungle peaks of the head-hunter country.

Capt. John Porter, 26-year-old organizer of the rescue-plane unit, has been missing since his mercy ship was believed to have been jumped by Jap interceptors. Porter once destroyed a Jap Zero from his own transport plane. Spotting a Jap pilot sitting on the wing of his parked plane at a remote jungle airstrip, the captain zoomed down and killed him with a Bren gun, then strafed the Zero until it burst into flames.

WALKING back from a Hump ride is not an uncommon experience. It's been going on since November 1942, when Lt. Cecil Williams of New Cumberland, Pa., and Cpl. Matthew Campanella of Hammonton, N. J., first bailed out of a transport lost in a storm coming back from China. They returned 23 days later.

Their endurance record was bettered by three days in August 1943 when 20 passengers and crew of a China-bound ship jumped to safety after the plane's motors failed. Twenty-six days later the party, including Eric Sevareid, CBS correspondent, reached a U. S. air base.

But exclusive rights to the story to end all stories of guys who walked back from a Hump ride belongs to 1st Lt. R. E. Crozier of West, Tex., and his four ATC crew members.

Driven off course by rough weather while returning from China on the night of Nov. 30, 1943, Crozier flew on instruments for two hours. Radio contact with U. S. bases in Assam could not be made and the horizon was blotted out by hazy weather. When mountain peaks suddenly showed through the "soup" on both sides of his plane, with the altimeter already reading 17,500 feet and the fuel tanks almost empty, Crozier gave orders to abandon ship. It was 2200 hours.

The five Americans adjusted their parachutes for the first jump any of them had ever made. Crozier went first, followed by Flight Officer Harold J. McCallum, co-pilot, from Quincy, Mass.; Cpl. Kenneth B. Spencer, radio operator, from Rockville Centre, N. Y.; Sgt. William Perram, engineer, from Tulsa, Okla., and Pfc. John Huffman, assistant engineer, from Straughn, Ind. Minutes later they landed in the forbidden country of Tibet, 60 miles from the holy city of Lhasa.

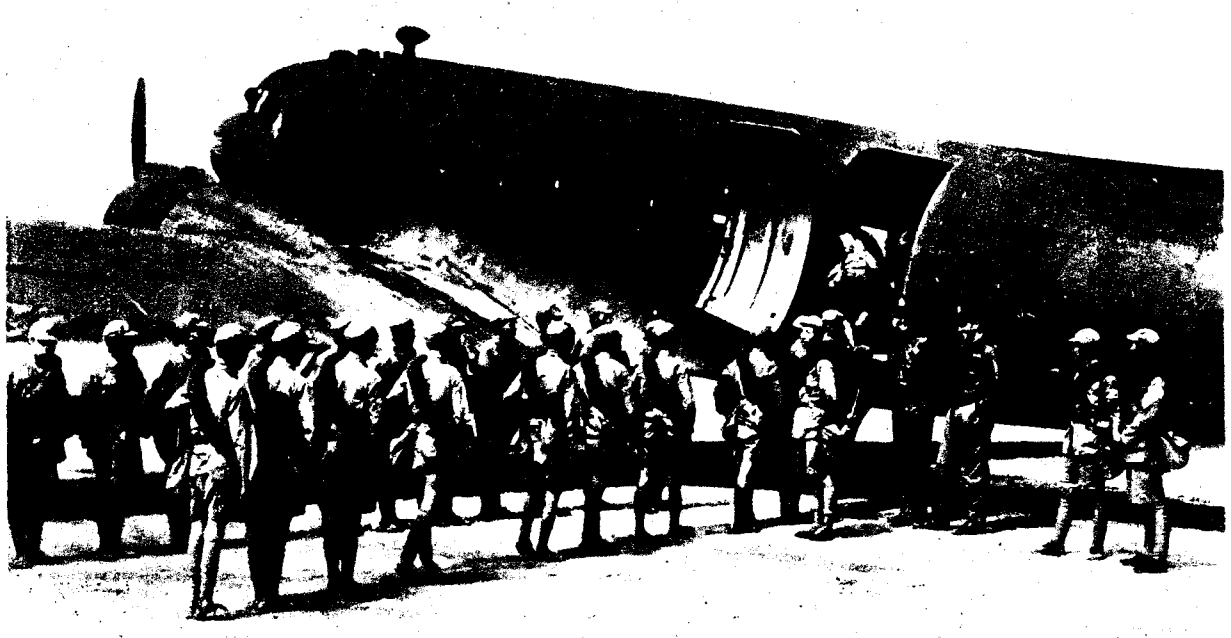
The first English-speaking person the Americans met was a Bhutanese monk. The Tibetans, who had never seen an American, crowded around the five airmen, gaping at them and tugging at their clothing. They gave the Yanks boots, fox-fur coats and fur-lined caps as protection against the 20-below-zero weather and invited them to sleep in their crude mud huts.

After 10 days in the primitive town of Tsetang, never visited by any American before, the Yanks began a long trek back to India. Mule-pack transportation had been arranged for them by the Oxford-educated Tibetan foreign minister.

In true Ronald Colman style, the U. S. soldiers made their way over the narrow, snow-covered mountain trails that wound tortuously among 25,000-foot peaks. Swirling snow lashed them as they plodded on. The only signs of civilization along the way were mud huts, spaced at intervals of a day's travel. At night, the airmen slept on mats on the floors of the huts, with fur skins as blankets. They ate mutton, rice and yak milk. High altitudes and sub-zero weather limited daily travel time to five hours, but by changing mules every two days, the Yanks were able to cover 30 or 35 miles daily and to complete the two-month trip in just 30 days.

Crozier and his crew are the first airmen ever to fly over Lhasa and are among the very few Americans who have ever seen that holy city.

The Air Transport Command is really going places these days when some of its men even land in Shangri-La.



A transport plane of the India-China Wing stands by to fly a group of Chinese soldiers to the eastern front.

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COUNTERATTACK

When the Germans launched a drive of their own against a stunned and reduced American force pushing on San Pietro, it took a couple of mortars, a couple of heroes and a lot of plain guts to stop them.

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT
YANK Field Correspondent

HERE IS HOW BLASTED SAN PIETRO LOOKED AFTER THE NAZIS HAD RETREATED AND THE AMERICANS MOVED IN.

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—A hero is a damn fool, as any soldier in the front-line Infantry will tell you; a reckless guy can die in a minute in the shellfire in the Bowling Alley (GI name for the narrow, twisting valley through which threads Highway 6, the principal road from Naples to Rome). Yet once in a while a guy gets to be a sort of hero and lives to fight again. There were heroes like that in our push on San Pietro, the first objective in the Fifth Army's campaign to reduce the strong enemy positions in and around Cassino.

The night my outfit piled over a mountain ridge to open the drive we lost so many men under concentrated mortar and artillery fire in the first few hours that we were literally stunned.

We dug in to hold what we had. Our position was precarious. We were seriously strained for manpower to outpost our positions facing the enemy on an indefinite front, extending from barren, towering rocks on our right to the open, shell-plowed valley below us on the left.

We sat there for the next few days, nervously feeling the Jerry out, blasting away with our artillery and being blasted in turn by his. We renewed the attack, supported this time by tanks. The sound and fury was terrific, greater than anything thought up by Orson Welles, but we got absolutely nowhere.

Then the Jerry attacked. It came about dark on the tenth day. I was sitting in the company CP when the German machine guns began chattering down the road. "Counterattack!" There was no need for anyone to shout the warning. Already soldiers were dashing to shooting positions on the double; telephones and radios were busy calling down artillery fire.

The line to our mortar platoon on the hill went out with the first crash of enemy artillery. I dived out of the CP and began threading my way up the hill, amid the crash of shells, toward the positions. Added to the noise was the cry of the wounded, thrashing and stumbling in the dark, pleading for help to get them to the aid station. The plight of the wounded is always a strain on the nerves of the unwounded soldier. He wants to help; his instinct is to stop and give aid. But he hasn't time; he must keep going.

At that moment I heard our 81s begin firing. I recognized the voice of a soldier in the dark who was calling for a medic. I went up to him. "I've been hit," he said. "They got me in the back with a hand grenade. They crawled up to a wall and tossed it right into my foxhole. It blew me out." Fully a dozen walking wounded had come up. It was only a little way to the aid station. We started out. I gave support to my friend who had been hit by the potato masher. One of his legs was dragging. "I think they got me in the kidney," he said.

Our first mortar position was located a short distance up from a little draw. I found so many empty mortar cases around the position that I had to crawl on my hands and knees to get to the gun. Cpl. Quinten Barrington of Hubbard, Tex., was standing beside the gun with a round in his hand.

"What kind of position you got here?" I asked. We are always uneasy about our mortars. Jerry always tries for mortar positions.

"I got one of them Germanese positions," said Cpl. Barrington, with shell poised over the mortar barrel. "They can't get me out of it." Wham! and another round was on the way.

The counterattack didn't last long after that. Cpl. Barrington was certainly one of the heroes I mentioned when I began this piece; but you'll never hear him admit it. "I put my No. 1 man aside. I've been carrying that barrel longer than he has," he explained. "I've waited for four years to blow the soot out of that barrel. It was well blown out tonight."

We checked up later and found that Cpl. Barrington had fired better than 200 rounds while enemy shells burst so close around him that most of the platoon kept giving him up for lost—until they heard his gun again.

The counterattack was definitely over by 2300 hours, and as I made my way through the lines, I ran into 1st Sgt. Red Jones of another company. (Nobody every calls him anything but Red.)

"We've got a man who did some very good work here," Red told me. "Sgt. Dudley Henry of Waco, Tex., took over the only mortar—a 60-mm—that we had in the company. The best we can figure is that he fired somewhere between 800 and 1,000 rounds. We just know that it was better than 800, which ought to be some kind of record for one evening's work."

For my money it is. Talking with some of the boys, I learned more about this feat. The mortar barrel seems to have gummed up sometime during the evening. There was no cleaning material but this didn't stop Sgt. Henry. He yanked off his shoes, slipped off his socks, ripped a limb from a nearby olive tree, swabbed the barrel out with this improvised contraption and went right back to work.

There are a lot more heroes, but you get the idea. It's guts, probably—you need a lot of guts up here in the Bowling Alley. The next morning Jerry had pulled out and left. We found him about nightfall, though: he was over near San Vittore waiting for us, and the game went on with little, if any, interruption.

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GI prisoners stand daily inspection in front of pup tents at the Disciplinary Training Center in North Africa.

GIs Gone Wrong Get Straightened Out At Progressive Prison in Africa

By Sgt. GEORGE M. HAKIM
Africa *Stars & Stripes* Correspondent

CASABLANCA—Along an obscure asphalt highway outside this city is the U. S. Army Disciplinary Training Center for the North-African Theater, one of the most progressive military penal institutions in the world. Through the gates in its barbed-wire fences pass GIs gone wrong—American military prisoners.

Most prisons emphasize the punishment of a prisoner first and his rehabilitation second. Here the procedure is reversed.

Only a small proportion of the men in this institution are deliberate wrongdoers who would be criminals in civilian life. A man of this type generally gets a dishonorable discharge and is returned to the States to serve a long-term sentence in a Federal penitentiary.

Prisoners who have been convicted of minor offenses and seem to have good possibilities of rehabilitation are kept at the DTC. After proving that they merit it, these men may be restored to duty, with their sentences and dishonorable discharges suspended and later entirely remitted.

Although the authorities try to give a man the chance to redeem himself, they do not pamper or cajole him. He doesn't get any of the privileges and pleasures of a soldier on the outside, either. Generally a prisoner works and trains 12 hours a day, seven days a week—and they're probably the toughest days he ever put in. The authorities know that if the training were easy and routine, the center might become a haven for those on the outside who want to escape work or danger.

The DTC consists of a barbed-wire stockade 300 yards square, subdivided into 10 separate enclosures, each in turn surrounded by high barbed wire. Within the stockade are a large dental and medical dispensary, kitchen, mess halls, personnel office, barber shop, laundry and latrines.

The prisoners are housed in pup tents, two men to a tent, except for acting trainee NCOs, selected from among the prisoners. These men are housed in a separate enclosure within the stockade and occupy individual tents.

At each corner of the stockade is a guard tower where armed guards are on duty day and night. Powerful searchlights continually illuminate the barbed-wire fence.

Foot and motorized patrols guard the space between the towers. Despite its imposing appearance, the stockade is by no means escapeproof. There have been few attempts at escape, however. Recapture is too certain and severe penalties await those who make the attempt.

The last escape attempt was back in October when two prisoners burrowed their way under the fence. After much digging, they finally squeezed through the hole, only to find the prison officer calmly waiting for them on the other side.

On arriving at the center, each prisoner is thoroughly processed. His money and unnecessary personal belongings are taken from him, to be returned on his release. His barracks bags are minutely inspected and fumigated, and most of the material confiscated or turned in for credit. He receives clean clothing and equipment, gets a bath, haircut and physical examination, and is fingerprinted, interviewed by a personnel officer and assigned to a company and a tent.

The prisoner also gets a copy of the trainee's handbook, which describes his duties and outlines the schedule he will follow from 0605 to 2200 daily.

Each prisoner must lay out his complete equipment every morning for full-field inspection. For the slightest infraction, such as unshined shoes or a misplaced article, he is punished. Minor infractions, which would be passed over lightly on the outside, are the cause of immediate action, since strict discipline is considered important in the prisoner's rehabilitation.

The prisoner always receives more than 60 hours a week of basic Infantry drill and training, regardless of the branch of service from which he came.

In addition to military instruction, each prisoner engages in work projects carried on within a separate enclosure, mainly at night under lights. The work is hard and consists of various jobs like the manufacture of ammunition cases, boxes, packing cases and containers necessary for the operation of the Army in the field.

The prisoner is graded daily by his company officers and headquarters noncoms. When his work, training and attitude show that he wants to be returned to duty, the prisoner may be made a "trusty"—an acting trainee NCO. These marks of recognition do not excuse him from any duties, but they carry certain minor privileges.

A CLEMENCY board meets regularly at the DTC to consider the case of each prisoner within six months after his sentence begins and once a year from then on. At any time, however, the board may hold a clemency hearing for any prisoner on recommendation of the CO.

If the board recommends the release of a prisoner, it suggests the type of duty for which he is best suited. Then, if the base commander approves the board's recommendation, the prisoner is released to a replacement depot and assigned to duty—usually with a combat outfit at the front.

The program of the DTC seems to have succeeded. The physical training makes each prisoner healthier, and the military training makes him a better soldier. Many ex-prisoners who had been privates before their confinement are now noncoms in their new organizations. In only one case has a prisoner been returned to the DTC for a second offense.

Take, for example, the case of seven prisoners, all confined at the same time. Their Infantry outfit occupied a rear-line area for several months after the initial landing in North Africa and during the fighting in Tunisia. The seven GIs grew restless, stole a military vehicle and headed for the front.

They were apprehended, tried by general court martial for desertion, sentenced to dishonorable discharge, total forfeiture of pay and confinement at hard labor for 20 years. After seven months at the DTC, where their behavior was "exemplary," they were brought before the clemency board, released and sent back to combat organizations in the front lines—which is what they had wanted in the first place.

Even Flyers Kept in Dark About French Targets

A HEAVY BOMBER STATION, BRITAIN—It was the type of bombing mission that veterans of the "big league" here dream about.

Briefing wasn't until 1100 hours. Intelligence officers said our fighter escort would be heavy, that enemy fighters and flak would probably be light. Take-off at 1300; estimated time of return to our base 1500. And to top it off, we were to fly at 12,000 feet, which meant no oxygen masks.

It all worked out as the intelligence officers expected. We left after lunch and returned in time for tea.

To the men who have been flying the Forts and Libs into the very heart of Germany, at heights far beyond 20,000 feet and at temperatures as low as 50 below zero, with hundreds of *Luftwaffe* planes and deadly flak to fight, this type of mission is considered a breeze.

The men flying the heavies have now been on a number of these dream missions. They began four months ago when the Air Force first launched a bombardment campaign against certain secret targets in the Pas-de-Calais area in France. At first, only the mediums—B-26 Marauders—were used against these mystery targets. Later the heavies were drafted in the fight.

The veil of secrecy over these targets has left much room for conjecture. Everybody—from the taxi drivers in Piccadilly to the airmen doing the actual bombing—has his own pet theories about the reason for these mystery sorties. In a 57-day period alone, we have attacked the area on 43 different days—a good indication of how important the campaign is to the Allied High Command.

The area under attack is 80 miles long, beginning at Calais and running southward, and it is 50 miles wide at its broadest point. It is probably the most-bombed area in the war world.

Observers in neutral Sweden have said that we're after German rocket guns supposed to be placed in northern France. These are the same guns that the Germans have been threatening to use against London in retaliation for Allied attacks on German cities.

Another theory is that the secret targets are the steel and concrete fortifications that the Germans claim to have along the Atlantic Coast.

So far, the Allied High Command has said nothing about the nature of these targets. The airmen have been told only one thing: "Destroy those targets at all costs."

From the air, even at 12,000 feet, one cannot see too much with the naked eye. We dropped our bombs and turned back for the flight back home. We didn't see a single enemy fighter during the entire mission, and the only flak thrown up at us was very light and off at a distance.

Of course, not all these raids have been as uneventful. There have been losses from flak and enemy aircraft in the area of some of these targets, but nowhere near as great as those suffered deep in Europe.

As far as the men in the Forts and Libs are concerned, it's the type of mission they love to be sent on—short, comparatively comfortable, little opposition and, of course, damn mysterious.

—Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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Tales of Songs and Ships and Cigarettes From the Anzio-Nettuno Beachhead

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

ANZIO-NETTUNO BEACHHEAD, SOUTH OF ROME—At least one English sailor here can teach his New England cousins a couple of tricks about driving a hard bargain. But when shipwright Jack Thompson is the bargainer, it looks easy.

A veteran of four years in the Royal Navy, the 23-year-old native of Portsmouth is now assigned to a British ship supplying this beachhead. On one stop-over, he told the story of his most successful venture into the trading business.

Landing from a convoy at the great Russian port of Archangel, shipwright Thompson sold his last 10 cigarettes for 100 *rubles*. With the *rubles* he bought six fancy wine glasses, which he traded for two bottles of gin.

Knowing that Yank thirst was proverbial, Thompson boarded an American ship and traded the gin for 1,000 cigarettes. From the Russians, he got 10,000 *rubles* for the new supply of smokes, and with the *rubles* he purchased two sealskin coats.

Sailing for London, the shipwright sold the coats there for £100 ($400). Net result of the horsetrading: $400 for 10 cigarettes.

COMMUTER. Except for a little item like four torpedo bombs that dropped in the wake of an LST he was riding, Sgt. Fred W. Welty of The Dalles, Oreg., has one of the more comfortable jobs on this invasion.

As a special courier, Welty commutes between the Anzio-Nettuno area and Naples on the fastest ships available. Most of his runs are on British ships, aboard which he lives in officers' suites and gets hot tea served to him in bed at 0800.

INVASION SONG. They say that a singing army is a fighting army. The song for this fighting army was knocked out by Eric Barrow, a British photographer for Universal News, the night after he landed with the Rangers spearheading our surprise invasion thrust.

Sung to the tune of "South of the Border," the parody gained early popularity with such GIs as Sgt. John P. Cumming of Philadelphia, Pa,; Cpl. John Chiodo of Johnstown, Pa., and S/Sgt. James W. Lenney and Cpl. Frank Graham, both of the Bronx, N. Y.

As it turned out, though, the Germans were a lot stronger than songwriter Barrow gave them credit for, and you don't hear the last verse sung with much enthusiasm these days. Anyway, here's the way Barrow wrote it:

South of Cassino, down Napoli way,
We started out one night to sail, to fight another day:
Italian spies told them that we were away,
South of Cassino, down Napoli way.

Ships in the harbor were lying in wait
Loaded with guns and jeeps and tanks and peeps,
the toys of fate;
The Infantry loaded and we knew we'd be meeting
The Jerry and give him one hell of a beating.

The LCIs landed. We charged through the night
To meet the Jerry there. The beach was bare. He'd
taken flight.
The show was so easy, not even a fight,
North of Cassino that memorable night.

HINTS FOR HOME FRONT. Rations are OK for your health, but they get tiresome. Short of foraging for local delicacies, the boys would prefer some choice tidbits from home. A poll along the Anzio-Nettuno beachhead indicates that chocolate candy, canned chicken, pickles, peanut butter, mayonnaise, canned sea food, cakes, cookies and doughnuts (stale or not) will be most welcome.

The GIs are very understanding about the difficulties, but they think the Fifth Army would travel farther on a satisfied stomach.

This Week's Cover

HE MAY BE out of uniform, as most of us know the uniform, but still this is an Army man and not a sailor. He is S/Sgt. Woodman H. Atterbury of Sedro Woolley, Wash. Atterbury is using a "home-made" diving helmet as he leaves the mine planter on which he is stationed to drop into the water off Panama and free a tangled cable. See pages 12 and 13 for more PCD Signal Corps pictures of the "miners."

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps, Panama Canal Department. 2 & 3—Center left, USAAF; all others, Sgt. Bob Ghio. 4—USAAF. 5—Sgt. George Aarons. 6—Signal Corps. 7—Eighth Air Force. 8 & 9—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 12 & 13—Signal Corps, Panama Canal Department. 16—Signal Corps. 18—Upper left, Camp Haan, Calif.; upper right, Cochran Field, Ga.; center left, Coffeyville AAF, Kans.; lower left, WW; lower right, Camp Lee, Va. 19—Upper left, Abilene AAF, Tex.; upper right, Signal Corps, Fort Sill, Okla.; center right, Sgt. Schnall; lower left, Marana AAF, Ariz.; lower right, Fort Francis E. Warren. 20—Warner Bros. 21—Left, Vitagraph; center, Bruno of Hollywood; upper right, RKO-Radio. 23—Upper, INP; lower left, Acme; lower right, Sgt. Schnall.

GI Artists in Puerto Rico Form Sketch Club—With Male Models

PUERTO RICO—Nine men of the AAF and Antilles Headquarters have proved once and for all that an artist doesn't need collar-length hair.

These GI artists have organized a nameless club that meets each Tuesday evening to paint and sketch, thus knocking the socks off the theory that one soldier plus eight others adds up to a crap game. Their studio is the top floor of an old Spanish residence, now a warehouse.

Eight are professionals at the business, with eyes trained by long experience to catch the contours of a lovely female model. But the club, by a self-imposed restriction, uses only male models. The scarcity of cash among Puerto Rico's *jibaro* class provides the artists with all the model material they need, at the unheard of fee of $2 a sitting. Club members share the cost.

Most widely known of these artists is Sgt. Charles R. Flory of Chicago, Ill., who is famous among soldiers here for his drawings of "Mona," an original pin-up appearing in *Thunderhead*, local AAF publication. Sgt. Flory did commercial art work for 18 years, 10 of them with *Vogue*.

T/Sgt. Clyde E. Wetherington did cartoons for Paramount Pictures before he entered the Army. He hails from Valdosta, Ga., and is now a clerk at the Antilles Department headquarters.

"Pvt. Schneider's Sketchbook," the work of T-3 George Schneider of Edwardsville, Ill., went out with the suspension of the *Caribbean Sentinel*, another local publication, but his creative hand still moves on. Sketches of the character he created—a gregarious, shabbily dressed GI—are still born at these Tuesday sessions.

Art students at Proctor Academy in Andover, N. H., might recognize a former teacher in Sgt. William H. Holst, another of the *Thunderhead* staffers. Sgt. Holst is from Cambridge, Mass., where his water colors and oils are well known.

S/Sgt. Marshall Yokelson of New York, N. Y.; T-3 Charles L. Gillham of Covington, Ky.; Sgt. Graham Ewen of New Quincy, Mass.; Cpl. Ray J. Koski of Ashtabula, Ohio, and Pvt. Jean P. Steele of Hermosa Beach, Calif., round out the group. Steele is the only nonprofessional artist. Koski claims credit for having brought the club together in its first session.

—Pvt. JUD COOK
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE HALEYS, EGGERS AND KLAPUTS JOIN IN TWIN ATTACKS ON GERMANY

S/Sgts. George and Joseph Klaput, B-17 gunners.

The Eighth Air Force has three sets of identical twins flying out on its missions from England —enough to confuse the ground crews, if not the enemy. Two of the sets, the Eggers and the Haleys, fly from the same field. Only the Haleys are on different crews, but they take off together.

Sgts. Robert and Richard Egger are also gunners.

2d Lts. Ralph and Raymond Haley are both co-pilots.

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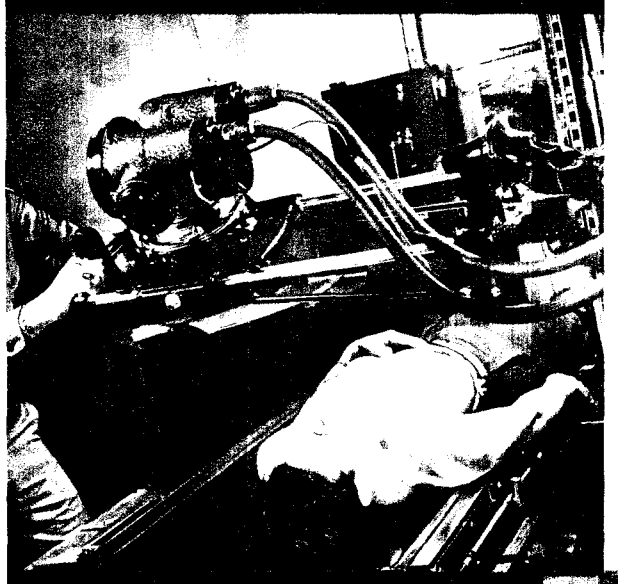
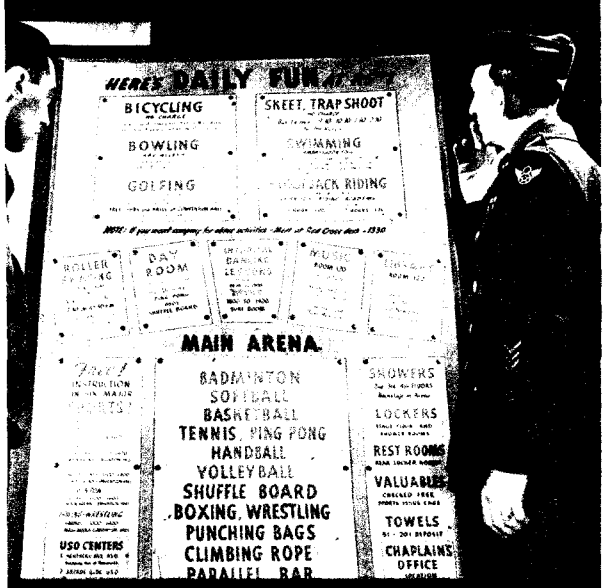
S/Sgt. Joseph S. Scapellato (right), veteran of 25 missions to Germany, gets a classification interview.



S/Sgt. Charles J. Nigro, a B-26 gunner, is X-rayed during his physical.

T/Sgt. Harry M. Chenoweth, Sgt. Martin F. Klatzkin and Cpl. Edward F. Dowling cycling on the boardwalk.



Back from overseas, Pfc. Roderick F. Drinkwine and S/Sgt. George Prendino check on what's to do.

FIRST STOP BACK HOME FOR AIR FORCE GIs

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

AAF REDISTRIBUTION STATION NO. 1, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—We got off the train and saw a sign saying "AAFRS No. 1."

There was a bus, with a sergeant helping some guys get aboard. He helped officers and enlisted men indiscriminately, so we let him help us, too.

Then the sergeant climbed inside and said to the driver in a casual tone:

"The Ritz-Carlton."

Somebody lit a cigarette and instantly two or three men cased the walls of the bus for a sign that would say specifically, "NO SMOKING." There was no such sign. Everybody lit cigarettes and tossed the matches on the floor.

We wheeled into a driveway and stopped before a finely grilled doorway. The sergeant said in a loud purr:

"All officers out, please."

Several such persons arose self-consciously and made for the door. The driver and a Negro porter from the hotel unloaded the baggage, which included a parachute. There was a brief flurry and the sergeant was back in his place.

"The Ambassador," he announced to the driver.

"Hey, sergeant," said a tech, which shows how impressed he was, "can we go to town at night?"

"Certainly, sergeant," replied the sergeant.

A staff got in on the conversation, although he was a little off tone:

"What's the curfew, Mac?"

"There is no curfew, sergeant," said the sergeant. "You may stay out as late as you wish."

"What time is reveille?"

"There is only one formation for returnees, sergeant, and that is a roll call at 12:45 in the afternoon."

"Pardon me, sergeant," said the staff, getting into the swing of things, "what is a returnee?"

"Enlisted men at this station who have returned from overseas duty are known as returnees. Officers are called returnee officers. You are now a returnee, sergeant."

"Oh," said the staff.

We were at the Ambassador.

We went up the steps behind the driver and he led us over to the desk. Behind the desk was a staff sergeant.

"Will you register, please?" he beamed.

All of us did.

After that things got to be a little out of the ordinary.

For instance, there was the shock of coming into a $25-a-day room and finding a little pamphlet entitled, "Welcome From the Commanding Officer," which starts off like this:

"To All Returnees: Welcome to Atlantic City. I hope by this time that you are comfortably settled in your quarters. . . ."

So help us Hap Arnold, that's what it says. Then he goes on, the CO does, in very soothing language to explain what this redistribution-station set-up is all about.

The strange part about it is that what the CO says in the pamphlet is absolutely correct, which is an improvement over most such Chamber of Commerce stuff, and stranger still, there are few hitches in it or strings attached thereto.

Atlantic City's Redistribution Station No. 1 is the first of three such valhallas established by the Air Forces to take care of their men coming back from overseas. The others are at Miami Beach, Fla., and Santa Monica, Calif. AAF men returning to the States are assigned to the redistribution station nearest their homes.

Hitting Stateside, the incoming AAFer is met at a port of debarkation or at a casual reception center by a liaison officer who informs him of the redistribution station to which he is to report. He will then be given a furlough, a 20-day delay in transit.

The first question they ask him at Atlantic City is: "Have you had your furlough?" If he hasn't, he gets one starting the next day. If he's already been home, then he settles down to the almost completely unshackled and painless business of being processed for "redistribution" and recommended for a new duty that fits his talents and his physical/mental condition.

There, obviously, is the guts of the whole proposition—the system of redistribution. And there, too, it is sometimes the only catch.

Unhappily, it is sometimes impossible to recommend for a returnee the assignment of his choice because the man may not be qualified according to a strict set of classification regulations or because of AAF requirements. But a man is assigned to the job he wants within the limits of military necessity.

When the system of redistribution stations was formed five months ago, classification personnel tried to assign returning airmen not only to the jobs they wanted but also to the places where they wanted them. It didn't work out and was discontinued for the simple reason that if a man wanted to go to Scott Field as a radio instructor, Scott didn't always need a radio instructor. So now he gets recommended for whatever duty he is qualified for, and he is stationed at whatever place he is needed to perform it.

Even so, life for the returnee almost without exception presents a much more pleasant picture than anything he's known during his just-completed operational phase overseas.

HERE at Atlantic City are men who have come back from all climates and all degrees of strain, both in and out of combat. Men from the ETO who have completed their 25 missions and are back in the States within eight months of the time they left them; men from security bases in the Caribbean who have sweated it out for three or four years or longer; men from every other theater, with varying terms of service and lengths of combat.

At this station the ratio of returnees is approximately three nonflying men to two combat crewmen. Once bedded down in the Ambassador, the prop specialist and the tail gunner are treated exactly alike except in the matter of physical examination. The ground men get the Air Force "six-three" exam whereas the combat men undergo the "six-four," which is the most thorough in the Army.

Prior to his actual examination the returnee fills out a four-page questionnaire in which he is asked to answer 21 questions about himself—where he was stationed overseas, what doing, what injuries or disease he suffered, how he feels now. He is also asked to list his "preference for duty and/or training," and there are four blank spaces in which he can write his destiny.

This form and the results of the physical, plus the interview with the classification section's experts, determine what happens next.

In no case, unless the returnee signs a waiver, will a man be sent back overseas within less than

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EVERYWHERE GET SPRUCED UP AT THE AMBASSADOR "VALET," NOW THE POST TAILOR. HERE S/SGT. RAYMOND SPENCER IS LOOKING FOR HIS.

The deal at the Redistribution Stations, where Air Force men are sent as soon as they return to the States from overseas combat zones, sounds more like a civilian vacation than something connected with Army routine.

three months. Findings of the medical examiners may lengthen that to six months or more.

If the returnee wants to take a shot at Aviation Cadet training and is physically and mentally qualified he goes before the Cadet Board. If he passes he's sent on his way. If not, he gets a shot at something else.

If he wishes to become an instructor and is qualified, he may be sent to whatever domestic command needs him. It comes as a surprise to most people to learn that a higher IQ is required for instructor than for admittance to OCS. An instructor must have a high-school education and an AGCT score of 120. If he doesn't have the education, that's tough; if he doesn't have a passable general-classification score, he can take the test over.

If a returnee wants to keep on flying—and is physically and mentally able to do it—he is recommended for assignment accordingly.

All classification interviews with returnees here at Atlantic City are conducted by enlisted men of the permanent party and those with returnee officers by officers, some of whom are themselves veterans of overseas duty. This is based on the theory that dogfaces are more at ease with dogfaces and that consequently the interviews will be as thorough as is humanly possible. It works.

The enlisted interviewers have the responsibility of recommending men for whatever new job fits their qualifications and desires. Those recommendations, made by enlisted men for enlisted men, are acted upon automatically. It works like this:

After the interview is completed, the classification man makes his recommendation. Perhaps the returnee puts in for gunnery instructor. The interview shows he's qualified. The recommendation so states it. The recommendation, with all records of the man, is then sent to the assignment section of the station, which in turn notifies a higher headquarters in Washington that it has on hand a qualified man for gunnery.

Washington, in the meantime, receives requests from all over the country for various trained personnel. Keesler Field has notified Washington that an instructor is needed down there. Washington notes that such a man is available in Atlantic City. The high headquarters instructs Atlantic City to ship him to Keesler.

The returnee, who has "stopped processing and is now alerted for shipment," receives orders that read something like this: "EM WP via FAGT to Keesler Field, Miss., and will rpt to the CO thereat for dy."

That's all there is to it. Being alerted for shipment may mean a man is to leave for ordinary duty, for entrance into a technical school, for flight training, for a rest camp, convalescent center or hospital, or even for another furlough, depending on his classification.

THE entire process at Atlantic City requires from two to three weeks. Physical exam and classification constitute the most important phases of the redistribution, but not the only ones. There are six other periods devoted to straightening out pay situations, getting personnel records in order, issuing of clothing and equipment and enabling the returnees to become oriented to life—even in the grand manner—in the United States.

Everything at this station is done by "appointment." Nobody is ordered to do anything; the returnee doesn't even make his own bed and is only very mildly requested to hang his clothes in the closet instead of draping them on the chairs.

He has an appointment to hear an orientation lecture, to see the supply sergeant, to visit the flight surgeon. Because the only formation is in the corridors of each floor of the 670-room Ambassador after lunch every day, an early date with an interviewer may conflict with either a returnee's chow or his answer to roll call. In such cases he is warned like this:

There is a flourish from the orchestra in the dining room, whereupon the sergeant major clears his throat until people stop rattling the silverware. Then the sergeant says: "The following men have 12:20 appointments: Master Sergeant Sidler, Walter J.; Staff Sergeant Ford, James. . . ." When he's finished the orchestra goes into some kind of music that's nice to eat by, and the returnees whose names were called swallow a little faster.

The food at the Ambassador? The mess officer polled more than 100 guys for their opinions and suggestions. Out of the avalanche of compliments came two or three embarrassed complaints. The most serious was that each man should pour the cream in his own coffee instead of having the KPs do it for him.

Chow down, guys drift into the lobby or out on the boardwalk. Returnees with wives (who eat at the hotel for two-bits a meal) saunter off to an apartment somewhere "off the post."

Quite a few others who are just unattached GIs find their way to the beer bar on the ground floor where they talk over the familiar things: strikes and flak and ME-109s and that gal in Hilo back in '39.

Over 10-cent glasses of brew a couple of new arrivals from the CBI take it all in. One of them says:

"This place is all right, and I like it fine. But it's too goddam close to the ocean. Oceans mean boats. An' boats mean——."

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EYES OF THE GUNS

Our Field Artillery at Bougainville, so effective that it stops Japanese attacks with no help from the other ground forces, gets remarkable on-the-nose fire direction from its OPs in jungle treetops and in Piper Cubs flying low over the enemy's lines.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

EMPRESS AUGUSTA BAY, BOUGAINVILLE, THE SOLOMONS—The air shoved against you like a rush-hour passenger getting off a subway train, and the night trembled with a terrible banging and pounding.

You knew that it was all our artillery, or most of it, but twice you slid into your foxhole. Five minutes each time was enough to make you realize that you can't stay in a foxhole forever, and out you came to retire into your jungle hammock. Fear exhausted you, and you dreamed wild dreams. Sometimes through the night you awoke to sweet silence; other times even the ground was moving with the violence of the fire.

Our artillery was pounding five Jap artillery positions—three 75s and two 155s. They had been hauled through the jungle, probably on Jap backs, since the enemy here lacks the motorized equipment and the roads to bring up heavy weapons any other way. After unknown hours of labor, the Jap guns had been readied and had begun lobbing shells into this beachhead. For a while during the night they kept firing. Then they went silent. They have not been heard from since. In return for their 100 shells, they got back 1,500 and, probably, oblivion.

The incident was the third major Jap attempt against the American positions, and it was the second counterattack wiped out by our artillery without help from other arms. The Marines, in the week they established the beachhead, had repulsed the first large Jap counterattack, using combined close-quarter and artillery fighting at some loss of American life. Army and Marine artillery, without infantry aid, had wiped out the second big Jap effort.

The repulse of the second counterattack was the most terrible for the enemy. Three and a half weeks after the successful American landing, a strong Jap force of infantrymen slipped down through the pass above our beachhead and advanced under cover of the jungle, a cover that was almost perfect but not quite. Artillery observers spotted them, but the crews of our heavy guns held fire.

All that day the Japs came on, and that night, confident that they were undetected, they bedded down without digging in. Some hours after dark the beachhead below them seemed to explode as more than 100 of our guns opened in a hysterical chorus. Next day, in half the shelled area, 1,096 Jap bodies were counted.

THE success of our artillery in discovering the enemy before a costly clash with our front-line infantrymen was no accident. A skillful group of spotters on the ground, in trees and in planes see to it that things turn out that way more often than you would expect in this jungle.

Typical of the tree OPs is one that is 85 feet up in a giant feather duster, branchless except for the mop at its top. Trees like that are a staple of this moist tropical shore. The OP is reached by bosun's chair, raised by hand with rope and pulley. Going up and down is more of a thrill than a 25-cent ride on the Coney Island parachute jump, according to Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh, YANK staff artist, who went up to sketch the place.

A pleasant little world all its own exists in the treetop. You might think at first that the observers have to cling to branches to stay up in the tree. Actually the GIs in this OP have a wood platform, a shelter half to keep off the rain, a telephone to keep in touch with the ground and a pack of cards to make time pass enjoyably.

For the regal tree sitters there are no chow lines to sweat out. KPs down below take care of all that for them, filling their mess kits, hoisting them up, refilling them if an unfortunate jerk on the line sends the chow plunging back down 70 or 80 feet and later scrubbing the mess kits.

The observers have learned to take things calmly. "Look over there," remarked one of them, handing Greenhalgh binoculars. "See that shed way off in there? The Japs are building something. Every morning there's something new. We haven't been able to figure out yet what it is. After a while we'll put the artillery on it."

The OP, just behind the front lines, is within sniper range, but so far the lookouts have had no trouble.

FOR observation right over the Jap positions the Artillery's own planes are used—a couple of little Piper Cubs, so frail that when you ride in one, you think you know how a kite must feel. The Cubs drift around in wind gusts or heat currents like a newspaper, particularly at the take-off and landing, just the times you'd most appreciate steadiness.

The Japs have used no ack-ack, so far, but once in a while some of them will risk giving away their ground positions by taking pot shots with rifles or machine guns. About one attack every 10 days has been the average for each of the Cubs. So far, no hits.

The Cub has no arms, not even a .45. Its horizontal speed is a mere 70 mph, and 120 is the fastest it can dive. The Cub would be duck soup for a Zero, so it stays at tree-skimming altitude whenever possible, because this is the least favorable level for an enemy fighter.

But if a Cub is caught high in the air by a Jap, the little ship still has one more trick in store. 2d Lt. William M. Davis of Baton Rouge, La., a Cub pilot, whose flying costume consists solely of baseball cap, fatigue shorts and black keds, demonstrated the technique as we soared over the surf of Empress Augusta Bay at 2,000 feet.

Jerking his thumb toward the blue water below, Lt. Davis shoved the stick forward. The sea

TREE OBSERVATION POST. At the edge of the perimeter's most forward position on Bougainville, an artillery observer is perched 85 feet high. In distance smokes the active volcano of Bagana. At its foot and all around in front of the OP are Japs. The observer is a pretty good target but doesn't seem to be worrying. He's looking at a building the Japs have had under way for three weeks. When they finish it, our artillery will get the range. Observer travels to and from his post by a bosun's chair.

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FIRE DIRECTION CENTER. The gunnery officer, a captain, receives directions by telephone from the pilot-observer in Piper Cub, who has spotted Japs and is calling for fire. *Pilot-Observer:* "Enemy patrol. Request Battalion will adjust." *Captain:* "How large an area do you want covered?" *Pilot:* "200 yard concentration." *Captain:* "Battalion on the way." (Later) "How'd they look out there?" *Pilot:* "Couldn't ask for better." The battalion CO, a lieutenant colonel, studies a map, while two spectators smoke. Behind the gunnery officer are computers.

rolled up into view over the prop and the Cub slid down like a Flexible Flyer sled over an icy cliff. At 100 feet the Cub braced its narrow shoulders, heaved and pushed the world level again. The lieutenant looked back over his shoulder to comment. If a fighter tried to tail a Cub down in a dive like that, he said, the fighter could never come out of it. As the Cub pulled up short, the fighter would flash by to a certain crash.

Your attention wandered from the pilot's chatter as the Cub went into another dive. You stared past him at the water, now close enough for you to make out the individual drops. You hoped it was all part of the act, and it was. At 10 feet the Cub bit in again, checked its dive and zoomed back up. If the 100-foot pull-out was not enough to get rid of the Zero, the 10-foot one certainly would be.

The pilot checked his radio now, preparatory to going over Jap territory. "Jones, this is Davis," he intoned into a microphone. "Jones, this is Davis. If there is an alert, please notify us immediately."

"Will call. Will call," the ground promised.

Before we took off, there had been two reports of Jap planes in the vicinity. Lt. Davis was sure they were just hanging around to see what was going on, but he wasn't taking any chances. Cubs live by the philosophy that if today they fly away, they'll live to fly some other day.

Smoke rose below us as if from a half-dozen heavy bonfires. "Our artillery firing," called the pilot. The Cub swung across the beachhead toward the target of the firing, beyond the wide light-green swath through the jungle formed by the Torokina River on the beachhead's southern front. There we could see the effect of the shooting—towering pillars of smoke many times greater than those that had come from our artillery positions. Under the fire, the lieutenant said, was a force of from 500 to 1,000 Japs.

Across the Torokina, another object of artillery attention came into view. Geysers high as the roof of a two-story building mushroomed into the air in the waters just offshore, hung there lazily for a moment and then leisurely subsided, leaving great black blots that the bay waters took many minutes to erase.

Pointing to the stretch of jungle beside the shelled beach, the lieutenant explained that a reinforced company of Japs was huddled there. The shots in the water were the outer limits of a concentration that was crashing into the jungle beside the shore. Concentrations of artillery take in several hundred yards to make sure of covering the target, so some shells are bound to fall too far to either side.

Curving now above the Jap force under attack, the plane headed for the sea. "Take off your earphones and you can probably hear them firing at us," said the lieutenant. "We got our tails shot at this morning. The bums shot at us with rifles."

Not very enthusiastic about the idea, you removed the radio head set, leaned out and peered down. You heard only the "pot, pot" of bursting shells, and saw nothing but two or three native huts of thatch, and the treetop blanket of green that concealed the enemy's positions from all but a trained eye. Then you pulled your head back in and waited for what seemed like the duration plus six, until the plane finished creeping over the Jap area and got back to the bay.

Since other spotters were directing all the firing at the moment, the Cub headed back to its base, passing over the fan of yellow-green where the Torokina splays into Empress Augusta Bay.

The lieutenant turned again to mention an incident that happened at this point a week earlier. The Cub's sending set went dead, but the artillerymen told the pilot over his receiving set to watch the shots anyway and waggle his wings when the shells fell on target. This impromptu method worked perfectly.

The pilot pointed below at the last item of special interest, a tiny rectangular clearing in the jungle. "That's where we got a Jap plane last week," he said. "It cut off the trees as it hit."

BOTH ground and aerial observers are given a considerable share of the credit for the success of the heavy weapons by Brig. Gen. Leo M. Kreber of Columbus, Ohio, CG of the Artillery of the 37th Division. Artillery in turn is credited by Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, CG of the division itself, also of Columbus, with a large share of the achievements in this campaign.

Recalling the 37th's part in the savage fighting at Munda, New Georgia, in July 1943, the general said 50 percent of the credit for that success should go to the Artillery. "This campaign," he added, "has made me think even more highly of the Artillery, and I believe pretty nearly every infantryman in this division is sold on it."

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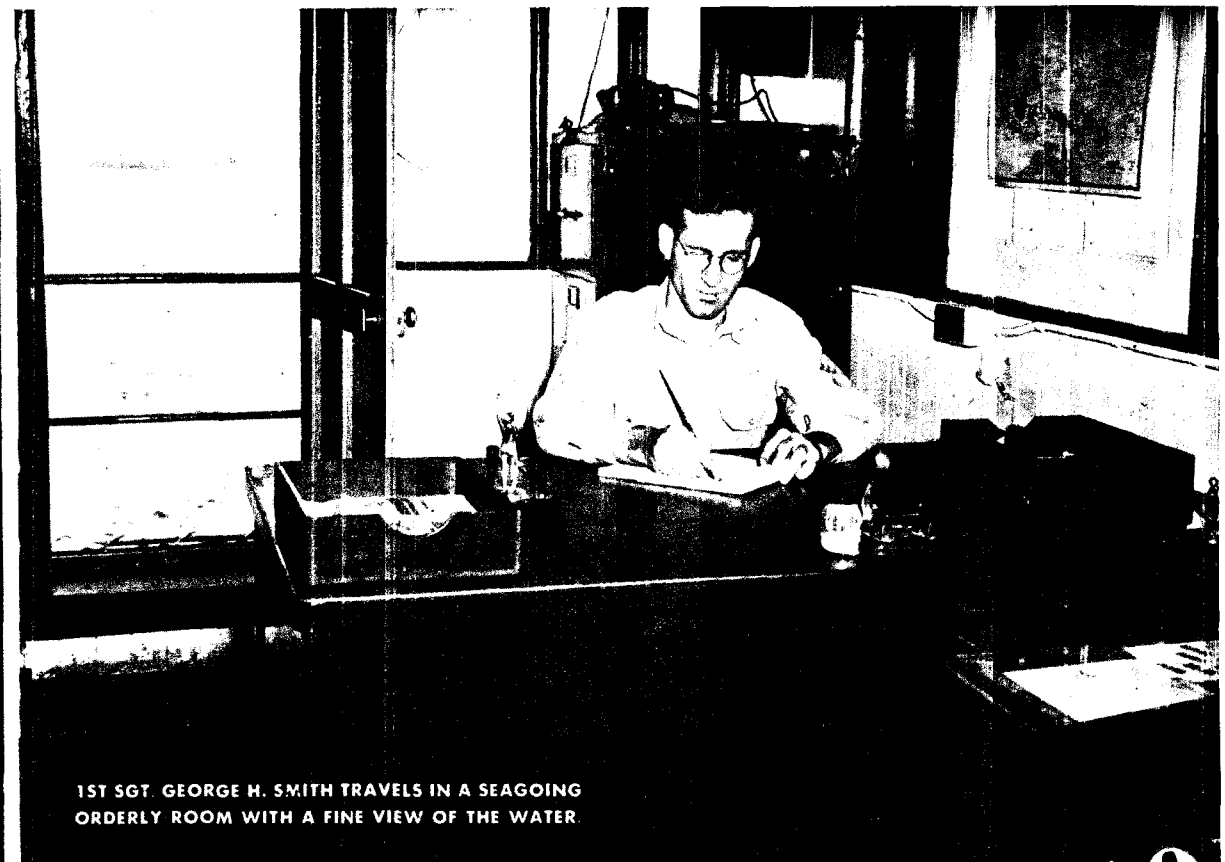
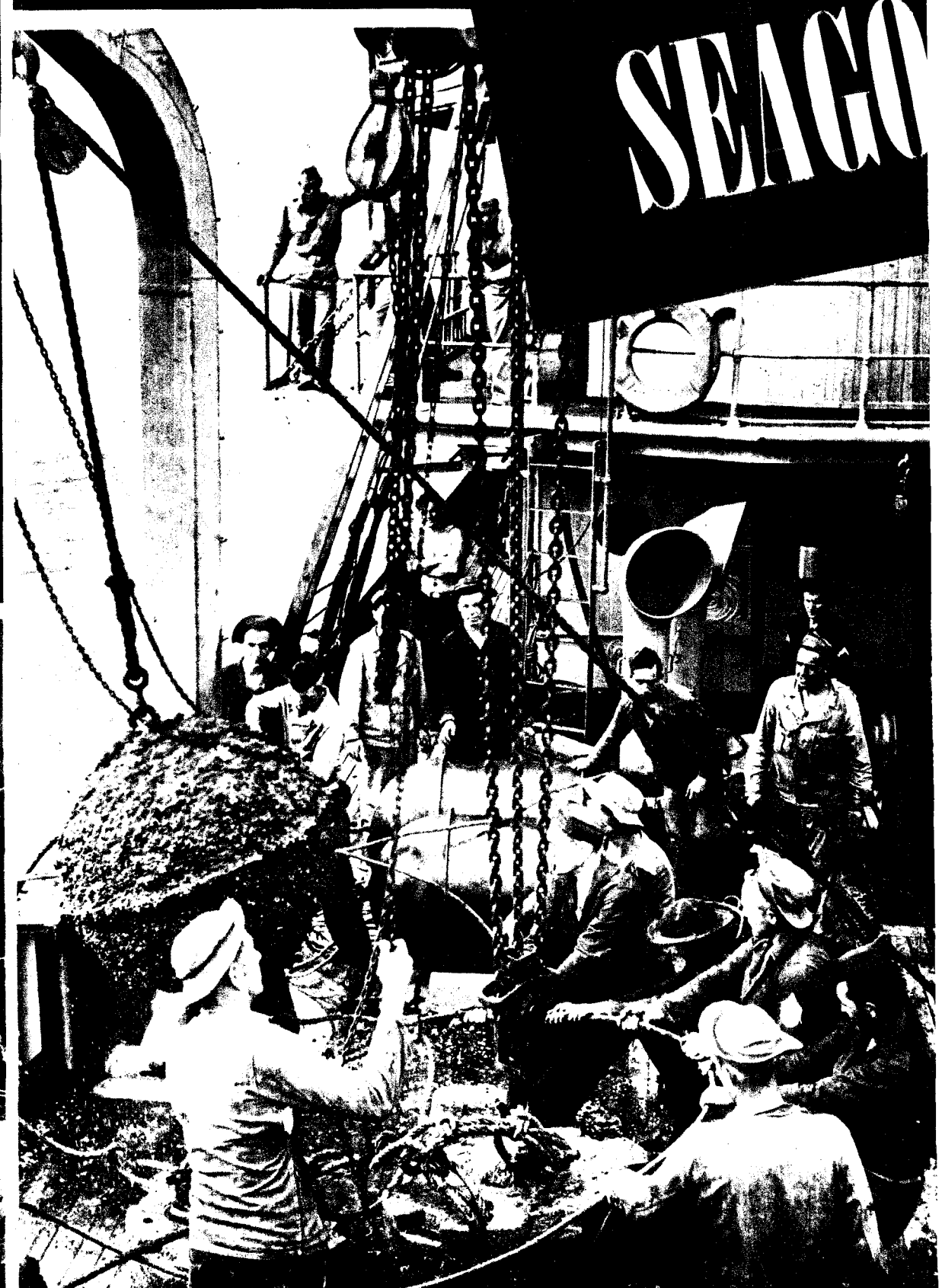
CPL. PETER BURNS USED TO PILOT A JEEP; NOW HE'S A HELMSMAN ABOARD ONE OF THE MINE SWEEPERS.



1ST SGT. GEORGE H. SMITH TRAVELS IN A SEAGOING ORDERLY ROOM WITH A FINE VIEW OF THE WATER.

CAREFULLY, SOLDIERS SINK A MINE IN THE OCEAN.



THESE MEN ARE PULLING UP THIS WATER-LOGGED MINE FOR A GENERAL CLEANING AND INSPECTION.

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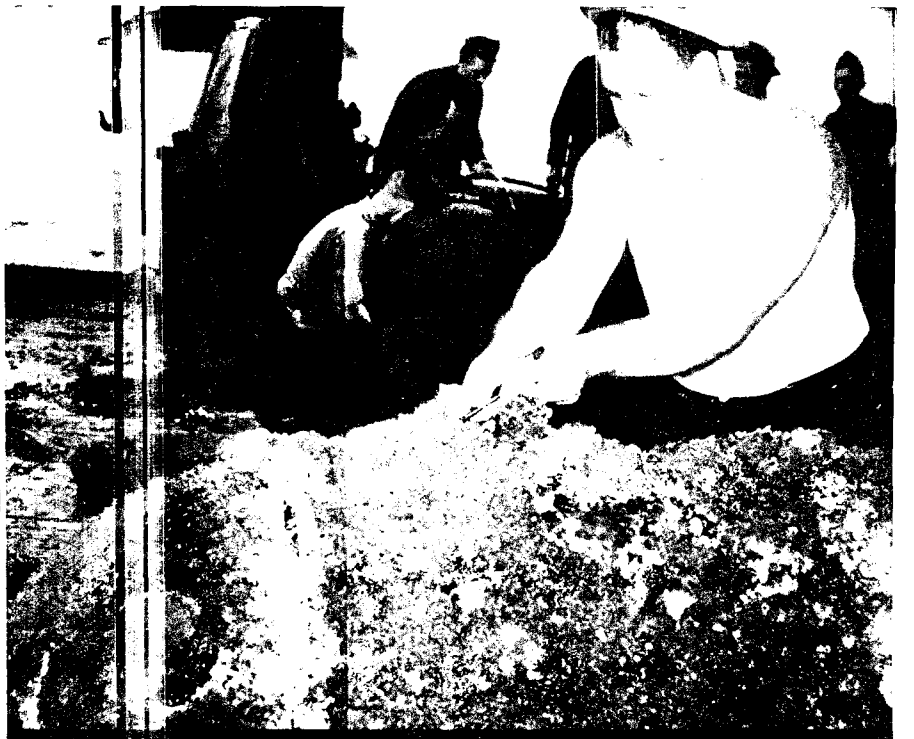
Covering the waters at the approaches to the Panama Canal is a bunch of GIs whose job it is to see that the area is closed to enemy traffic. As members of the mine-planting service, they man the boats that carry the "bottom busters" to where they can do the most harm. They are Army outfits that even take their first sergeants out to sea with them.

NG SOLDIERS



THIS SOLDIER, WHO LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S TRYING TO OPEN UP A MAMMOTH OYSTER, IS PVT. SAMUEL CULINER, CLEANING THE OCEAN DEBRIS FROM A MINE.

MINE-PLANTER CREW IS SHOVING A CRUSTED MINE ACROSS THE DECK OF THE BOAT AFTER HAVING HAULED IT UP FROM THE SEA BOTTOM OFF THE PANAMA CANAL.

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MAIL CALL

Thinking Soldiers

Dear YANK:
I read Sgt. Ray Duncan's article "A Yeast Is Working" in a recent issue of YANK. It is regrettably true that some GIs think overly much of likker and cheap dates, of cards and comic books. But we have many, many more who are deep, serious thinkers, dreamers and doers. Why, here at Schick Hospital I know of at least two enlisted men who are writing books while convalescing.

Schick Gen. Hosp., Clinton, Iowa —Sgt. CARL DORIO

Dear YANK:
The majority of men taking an active part in this war think only of going home to "take life easy for a change." They know little of Allied or enemy progress in this war. Yet they have the audacity to speak as authorities on international warfare. They speak, for example, of Spain's "neutrality," without knowing an iota of Franco's policy. These men cry out that we, not the English, are winning the war, forgetting the gigantic contributions made by the British in the North African campaign and in the battle of Sicily. They ignore fact and abuse reason. In many cases, their opinions cannot be substantiated, as they have never read a book, periodical or newspaper. In short, they talk loud and fast—the tragedy being that they do not know what they are talking about.

Recently the U. S. Army started lectures and discussions in the States enabling GIs to discover military, political, social and economic truths. Such lectures are also needed greatly for us who are now fighting overseas.

Yet it is not enough to expose men to a few books, or occasionally a lecture. Instead a definite educational program should be worked out. Even if only a few are started along the path of constructive thinking, the effort will have been worth while.

We are doing a splendid job as a nation at war. Let us have the opportunity to discuss our contributions intelligently, to truly know our Allies, and to throw off the yoke of superstition, prejudice, irrationalism and ignorance.

Britain —Cpl. EDWARD STONE

Dear YANK:
I'm very much angered by the many assertions that the average GI doesn't know what he is fighting for and that the GI cannot even put his opinions on world affairs into a definite and coherent sentence. Admittedly, he may be inarticulate. However, we all know intuitively that what we are fighting for is not another war and that the one way to insure this is to establish world cooperation. It is all too evident that the great masses of people the world over don't want war. Germans, Japs, Russians, Chinese, Americans and British all have to be drafted in order to get them to fight. The irony is self-evident. In short, the GI's intuition is correct, even though he may not be able to discuss world affairs with the sophistication of a wily diplomat.

The GI knows in his heart what he wants. He wants a world government, sworn to democratic morality, with all military authority to reside with this government. He wants all airdromes, naval bases and war equipment to be administered or regulated by this government and he wants any manufacture of munitions, except for an international police force, to be punished by death. He wants all heavy industries, all major harbors the world over and all means of international communications to be subjected to rigid control by this government. He wants, in effect, the peace and order that only world government can bring.

Guadalcanal —Pvt. JAMES J. CASEY

Dear YANK:
I wonder if the Army has lowered my kindling point. I never used to get this mad before. I never wrote letters to the editor before I got into the Army, but there's no stopping me now. Apparently it's having the same effect on a lot of other thinking GIs. At least the letters to the editor of YANK make more sense than the editorials of too many newspapers. What makes me so mad is now that all the clear heads are in the Army, all the muddle heads on the home front are running around like crazy, smashing the windows, selling the furniture, wagging their fingers at us and saying: "Now, now, boys—we know what's best for you." As for me, I got my doubts.

It's a toss-up on whether we get a chance to vote. The American Legion says they did everything they could—they passed a resolution in 1941. Wonderful. Well, maybe they can take away our vote, maybe the America Firsters can send around reprints of Chicago *Tribune* editorials denouncing the President for selling us out to England. Maybe they can do all that, but they can't stop us from sending letters to the nation's newspapers. That's one way to show we're thinking, that's one way to vote, even without a ballot.

AAFTC, Miami Beach, Fla. —Sgt. H. J. LEWIS

Dear YANK:
GIs who are thinking at all are thinking of post-war problems. They want a post-war world that is not filled with chaos and disorder. The peace has got to really be peace, and I for one figure that the Teheran Declaration is the best formula—that is, united nations to win the war and united nations for a lasting peace. Those people who think our national unity is just a honeymoon until we beat Hitler—and then it's a divorce—better take another think. Sticking together at home and abroad, both now and after the war, is my ticket!

Alaska —Pfc. ANDREW REMES

Dear YANK:
There has been a lot of talk about discussion groups and education in the Army. Why not admit the truth—the Army doesn't want an intelligent soldier. This is proved by the way veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, who fought Hitler-Mussolini-Franco fascism in Spain as volunteers, are treated in our Army. Those men, who were intelligent enough to have fought fascism eight years ago, are systematically denied even ordinary advancement in the Army and are pigeonholed and kept under surveillance.

Barksdale Field, La. —Sgt. RUSSELL F. RYAN

Dear YANK:
While YANK's readers debate about "thinking" GIs and GIs who discuss serious stuff, I'd like to say that we want the people back home to quit insulting Russia. We don't like her form of government, but by God we'll fight to see she keeps it if she wants it.

West Africa —S/Sgt. C. R. STRICKLAND

Garfield and the General

Dear YANK:
This is not to say that John Garfield is wrong in his letter to *Mail Call*, but if there is any man in the AUS who can fire the .30-cal. machine gun by holding it barehanded, or even with gloves, I would like to see it done.

Bowen Field, Idaho —S/Sgt. LOUIS R. PRICE

■ Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of Allied invasion forces for Europe, is shown here as he was photographed a few weeks ago firing a .30-caliber machine gun from his hip. Barehanded.

Bora Bora Beauties

Dear YANK:
A certain Pfc. Harold Stevens h[illegible] a [illegible]ch of malarky when he wrote in YA[illegible] there were no dames, no movies and no newspapers in Bora Bora. That's not true. There are civilized natives there and they have a few fair-sized villages, complete with stores, churches and schools. Their women are among the most mellow and beautiful in the South Seas, and as for movies, we were the first U.S. troops to hit the island and four days later we had our first movie. So where does Stevens come off with his bull? Many of our boys fell in love with those beautiful girls, as a matter of fact, and they write to them every week. And they think it's wrong for you to print all those false stories about the island. Since we left the place we have been to quite a few islands, and none of them can halfway compare with the beauty of Bora Bora.

Munda, New Georgia —Pvt. GEORGE R. BADGERO*

*Signed also by Cpls. Herman Wilke and Fra[illegible] and Pvt. Custy Basso.

Permanent Party

Dear YANK:
A group of us recently arrived at Fort Slocum after spending the better part of two years overseas. While waiting for reassignment we were put on KP every other day, regardless of rank, while the permanent party just laid around and gave orders to men who far outranked them. A private at Fort Slocum has more authority than a master sergeant who has just returned from the other side. After being overseas we don't expect any better treatment than anyone else, but we certainly don't expect to be treated like dogs by a bunch of USO commandos with a few months of service.

Fort Slocum, N. Y. —Sgt. FRANK REYNOLDS

Dear YANK:
Why do casuals hold contempt for us permanent-party guys? Don't they realize that we are in this thing together? I think I can speak for hundreds of GIs like myself when I say we would give most anything to be able to trade places with the birds who just pass through our camps. If casuals think we pp GIs have such a cinch let them put through requests for transfer and we'll start packing our B bags.

Fort McDowell, Calif. —Cpl. A. H. STORK

Catnip

Dear YANK:
World War I showed us how kisses for recruits built up the record of enlistments in the Army, so the latrine boys here are all of the opinion that the services of one Frank Sinatra should be engaged at WAC recruiting stations to offer with each enlistment in the WAC one long kiss. You say the idea stinks? Oh well, we tried.

Alaska —Sgt. VINCENT ANASTASIO

Cloud Hoppers

Dear YANK:
We Liberator crews feel that the great Fortresses have been doing a helluva good job, but we would like to point out that they are now taking a back seat, often serving as "medium"-bomber escorts to the Liberators. We hear that the people at home have no idea what a Liberator even looks like, let alone the swell job it is doing. So this is to let them know that the boys who fly the Liberators, the "big ones" as the Air Corps calls them, have all flown a few missions, too!

Britain —Crew of B-24 "Cloud Hopper"

Ur or Ur

Dear YANK:
We have a furious argument going on here. The guys all around me insist Abraham Lincoln was born in Illinois. I keep telling them he was born in Kentucky, a place called Ur. Just goes to show how dumb some guys are, I suppose.

Southwest Pacific —Pvt. JAMES WHITE

■ Lincoln was born in Kentucky, all right, but it was a place near Hodgensville, not Ur. You're thinking of Ur of the Chaldees, the home of Abraham in the Bible. Just goes to show——.

Message Center

B. FRED BARROWS, once in Co. D, 22d Bn., Fort McClellan, Ala., later the 69th Div., Camp Shelby, Miss.: write Pvt. M. B. Greenbaum, Det. Med. Dept., Sta. Hosp., Fort McClellan, Ala. . . . Lt. JOSEPH P. BATES, once at 436 Base Hq., Farmingdale, N. Y.: write Sgt. Walter J. Schneider, Combat Crew, Det. Crew 2406, AAAF, Alexandria, La. . . . RICHARD BOGEN of the Bronx, New York, N. Y.: write Cpl. Bernard I. Margolis, Co. D, 321st Med. Bn., Camp White, Oreg. . . . PETER Y. BOUMA of Muskegon, Mich., once at Fort Jackson, S. C.: write Sgt. Bill Carter, Hq. & Hq. Co., ASTP, BTC, Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Pvt. WILLIAM PENN BURNS, overseas in a Med. Unit: write your son, Cpl. F. E. Burns, Co. A-1137, Camp Edwards, Mass.

H. Cpl. JOHN V. HARMON, once with Tr. B, 1st Med. Det.: write Pfc. Robert W. Honay, 1008th Boat Co., AAF, Galveston, Tex. . . . Pvt. ROBERT E. HEDRICK, once at APO 41: write Cpl. Florence M. Thornburgh, Hq. Sec., WAC Det., SU 1741, APB, Fort Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Sgt. H. B. HILL, once in the 7th Inf., Vancouver Barracks: write M/Sgt. Carl J. Juntti, Hq. Co., 4th EAUTC, March Field, Calif. . . . RICHARD HOWARTH of New Brunswick, N. J., once at Camp Upton, L. I.: write James Manley MM2c, USNABD, Sta. Force, Bks. 58, Gulfport, Miss.

M. Lt. B. C. MCCOMAS, formerly with Co. D, Stu. Regt., TD: write Pvt. W. F. Macatee, USMAP, ASTU, 100 Ridgewood Road, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N. Y. . . . Cpl. DON MCLAIN JR., once at Fort Lewis, Wash., and M/Sgt. THOMAS N. MCLAIN, in China: write your brother, Cpl. Huey McLain, Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 193 Glider Inf., 17th A/B Div., c/o Postmaster, Nashville, Tenn. . . . Lt. Col. WILBUR R. MCREYNOLDS, in QMC, Barksdale Field, La., 1939: write M/Sgt. Elmer E. Adkins, 619th Sig. AW Co., Regional, PO Box 479, Galveston, Tex. . . . Pvt. "CHUCK" MACFARLAND, with an Engr. Bn., somewhere in the ETO: write Pfc. W. D. Morgan, DEML, Camp Ritchie, Md. . . . Cpl. JOHN MUNSEY, once at CAAF, Coffeyville, Tex.: write Cpl. Claudine Stribling, Co. 8, 22d WAC Regt., Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

MISCELLANEOUS. Lt. WILLIAM Y. PENN of Midland, Tex.: Addilee gets your letters okay and writes every day; everybody's well. . . . FORT CLAYTON, C. Z.—All GIs in old Btry. A, '39-'43: write Cpl. Stanley Grechen, Hq. Btry., 493d FA, Camp Barkeley, Tex. . . . Men who worked with RANDALL GALE or EUGENE MILLER when they were with Sgt. Bert Savitt: write Savitt, Co. B, 15th STR, Fort Monmouth, N. J. . . . 212TH CA, NYNG—Soldiers formerly with this unit: write Maj. J. Marcheselli, 120 West 62d St., New York, N. Y. . . . 303D INF., 97TH DIV., CAMP SWIFT, Tex.—Buddies formerly in this unit: write A/S Leonard Napp, 44-C-5, 322d CTD, Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky. . . . Anyone knowing whereabouts of RUFUS S. SAWYER of Norfolk, Va.: write Cpl. Herman D. Sawyer Jr., Co. N, 2d Tng. Regt. AGFRD 2, Fort Ord., Calif. . . . Anyone who knew RAYMOND C. ESTES, last heard from in Africa and reported missing Nov. 26, 1943: write to Sgt. Reba Estes, WAC Det., Malden AAF, Mo.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to Shoulder Patch Exchange, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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The FOXHOLE BUSINESS

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THERE'S been a lot of talk in the States about the foxhole, and our first sergeant, Harold Barker, has done more than his share. Or so thought Cpl. Lee when he got the foxhole business.

"So," the first sergeant always began, "so you don't want KP again tomorrow?" There would be a little pause, and we in the orderly room could hear a pick and shovel start to dig.

"So you've had KP for two days, huh? Say, soldier, how'd you like to stand in a steaming jungle foxhole, up to your hips in mud, with a million mosquitoes pumping malaria into you? Maybe you'd wish you were back here on KP? Am I right? Am I?"

Barker always pointed to the floor beside his desk. The squelched soldier would step away from the imaginary foxhole and would carefully avoid it as he left. Barker used to be a high-school public speaking teacher. He had a way, with gestures, of putting his foxhole across.

But gestures were wasted on a man like Cpl. Lee. The first day after he transferred to our outfit he bounced into the orderly room.

"I've got here a telegram!" He creased it in the center and sailed it down on Barker's desk. "My cousin is passing through town tonight, and he wants to see me. So I need an overnight pass."

Of course the little corporal sent the wire to himself, but that wasn't the point. Anyhow it didn't figure in the argument that followed.

"So you need an overnight pass?" Barker rose and stared down at Lee, and the faint rhythmic stroke of a shovel rang through the orderly room. "We don't give overnight passes, except on Friday and Saturday."

"But my cousin——"

"Now listen, soldier. You got nothing to gripe about, just because you have to stay on the post one night. How'd you like to spend that night in a foxhole in the jungle, mud up to your hips, with malarial mosquitoes——"

"Look, sergeant, don't gimme that old business!"

"——in the steaming jungle." Barker hardly could believe he'd been interrupted. He pointed down at the floor by his desk, but Lee stepped on the spot.

"I asked a simple question, do I get the pass or don't I?"

"Listen, corporal, who are you interrupting?"

"I don't have to listen to any lectures from you. You never been in a foxhole in your life, any more than I have. If you had, you wouldn't shoot off your mouth so much. Anyway, I can outlast you in a foxhole any time. Or any other top kick in a headquarters outfit!"

"You can?"

"Yeah, any time you wanta try it. We'll go dig ourselves a couple of foxholes, and we'll see who lasts the longest. How about that?"

Lee was bluffing, of course. But he didn't realize the sergeant would be forced to call him on it. Barker had used the foxhole business too often to let a corporal back him down in public.

"That suits me, soldier," he snapped. "Any time you're ready!"

He plainly hoped to let it go at that. But Lee said: "How about this next week end, on a three-day pass?" Lee would do anything for a three-day pass.

"TROUBLE with these foxholes," said Cunningham, "is there ain't any mud."

1st/Sgt. Barker, strange in fatigues, snorted in protest. But Cunningham was a tech sergeant, solid with the CO, and he loved to annoy Barker. We let out a yell and two men ran for buckets.

"Hey, that's enough water!" yelled Barker from his hole, but Cunningham said up to the hips. "You always said up to the hips," he reminded Barker as he sloshed another bucketful on his legs. Then he did the same for Lee.

"To keep things fair," said Cunningham, "we'll post sentries at night, so one man can't get out of his hole while the other sleeps."

"I'm not going to sleep," snapped the sergeant. He was grim about the whole thing, and he didn't like the crowd making jokes. Little Lee traded cracks with the crowd for a while, but finally even he shut up. He was wondering how he got into this, and how he could get himself out. Lee and Barker wouldn't speak to each other.

"All we need now," said Cunningham, eyeing his work gleefully, "is some mosquitoes. Some malarial mosquitoes."

"Hell, there are mosquitoes here!" Barker slapped the back of his neck. He peered out through the gathering darkness, rifle poised, his big shoulders hunched up high around his neck.

Even the farmer whose land we were using came over to watch for a while. But soon the crowd thinned out. There was nothing to do, after you saw the sergeant in fatigues in a foxhole, and you made a few cracks and placed your bet.

Cunningham organized sentries, who reported that Lee slept part of the night but that the sergeant kept grimly awake. He looked very strange when we gathered again, at noon Saturday, around the foxholes. He had a heavy beard and a sharp, serious look in his eyes, almost like a combat soldier.

"More water," was the first thing Cunningham said when he arrived. Saturday night the crowd disappeared early, and even Cunningham finally took off for town. Some of us promised to stand sentry again, but it ended up with me on guard, alone, along about 9:30 o'clock.

I wrapped a blanket around me and sat down against a tree. Both men were very restless, threshing around and slapping at mosquitoes. Finally they started talking to each other. I remember Lee saying: "That was a sweet camp. They offered me a tech sergeancy if I'd stay, but I had another deal at the time."

The drone of Lee's voice in the summer night finally put me to sleep. When I awoke everything was quiet but the crickets.

"They're gone!" I told Cunningham when I found him in town. "Both foxholes were empty when I woke up!"

We found them in the corner of a little beer joint, Barker and Lee with their heads together over two bottles of ale. They were freshly shaved and in Class A uniforms.

"Well, gentlemen," leered Cunningham, "this is a pretty classy foxhole!"

Barker glanced sharply and expectantly at Lee. The corporal gulped once and said: "Barker won. I couldn't stand it. I—I was freezing."

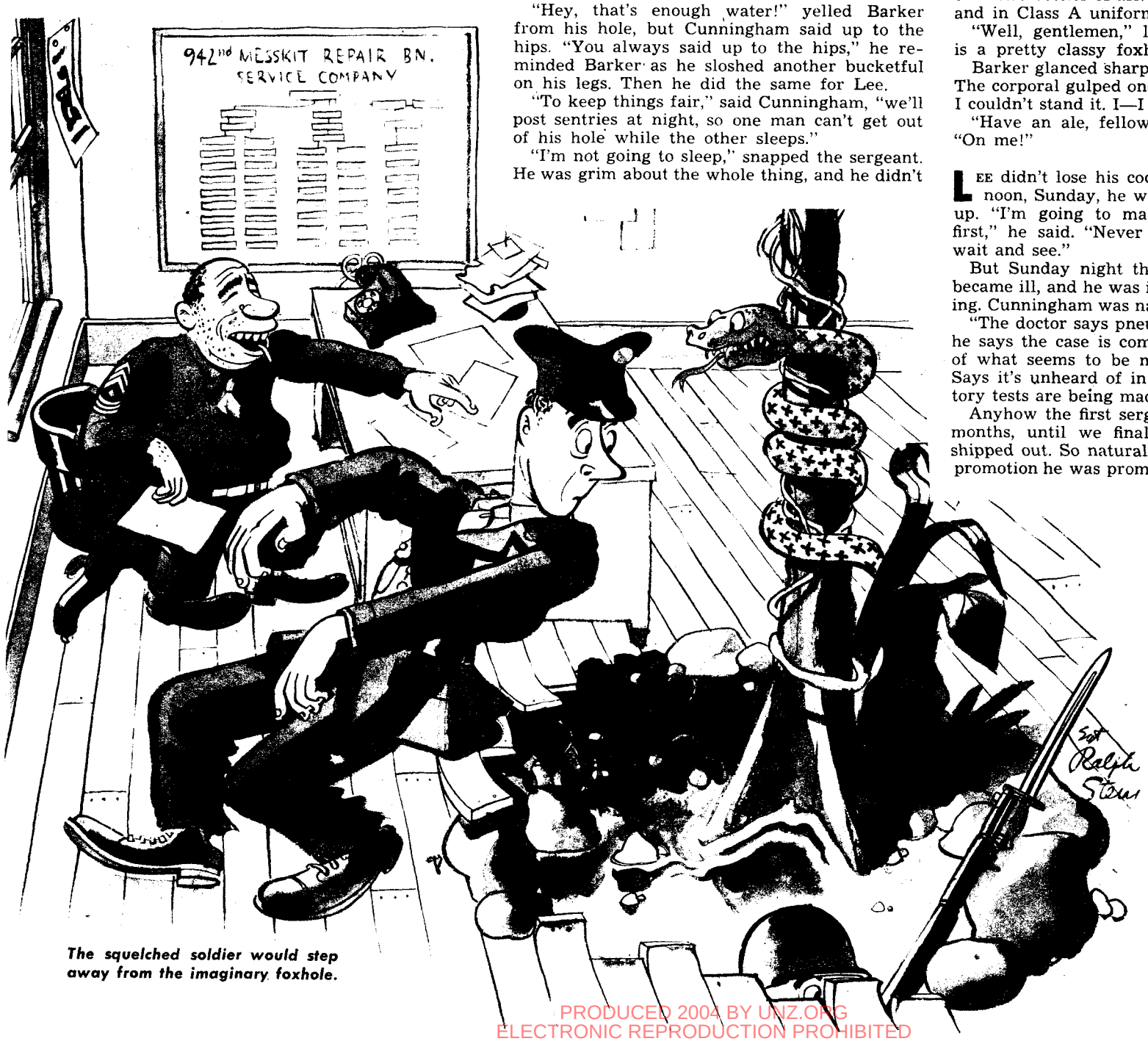
"Have an ale, fellows," grinned the sergeant. "On me!"

LEE didn't lose his cockiness at all. Next afternoon, Sunday, he was in the barracks well lit up. "I'm going to make staff sergeant on the first," he said. "Never mind how I know. Just wait and see."

But Sunday night the first sergeant suddenly became ill, and he was in the hospital next morning. Cunningham was named acting first sergeant.

"The doctor says pneumonia," he told us. "And he says the case is complicated by a little touch of what seems to be malaria. Tropical malaria. Says it's unheard of in this climate, but laboratory tests are being made."

Anyhow the first sergeant was away for three months, until we finally were broken up and shipped out. So naturally Cpl. Lee never got the promotion he was promised.



The squelched soldier would step away from the imaginary foxhole.

YANK FICTION

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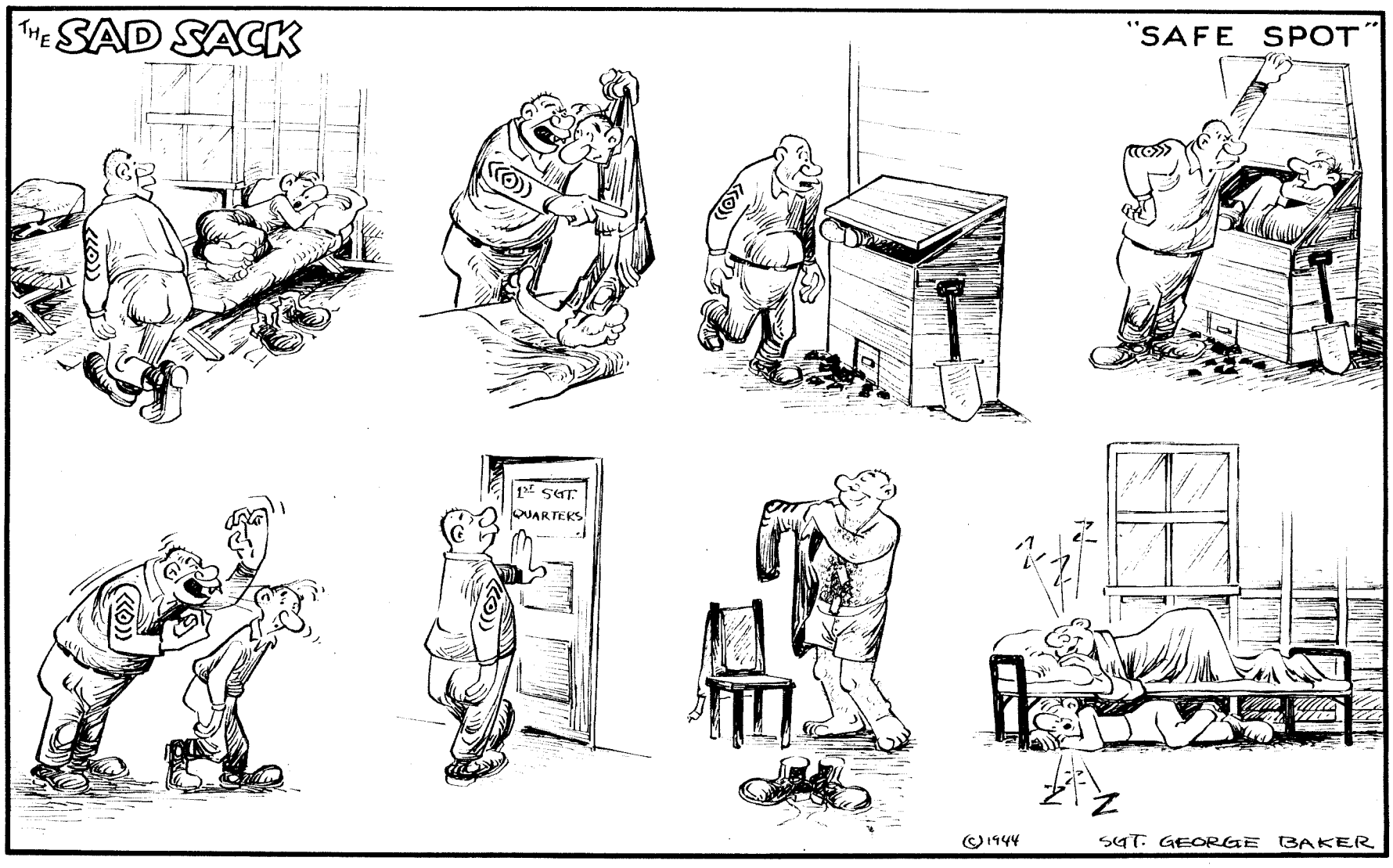


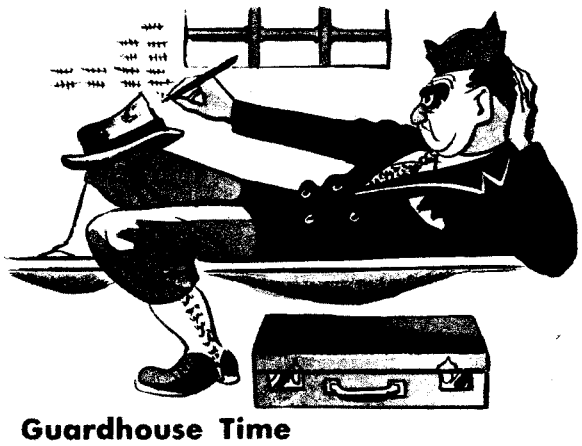
Officers' Dependents

Dear YANK:

I have a dependent mother back in the States. She is unable to work, and I am unable to send her enough money under a Class E allotment-of-pay to keep her house going. Isn't there any Government assistance for officers who, like me, are unable to support their dependents without going too deep into their base pay? I'm an officer, but inasmuch as YANK is as important to officers as enlisted men, I'm sure you'll help me out.

England —2d Lt. GEORGE SELKS

■ If your mother is dependent upon you for chief support, she is entitled to a special quarters and subsistence allowance. Your finance officer should be able to set you straight on this. Refer him to *AR 35-4220*, which also authorizes rental and subsistence allowances for wives and unmarried children under 21 who are dependent upon an officer for chief support.



Guardhouse Time

Dear YANK:

For some time now I've been over here in muddy Italy, and while I'll admit this is a helluva time for me to start making post-war plans, I can't help thinking of that job-hunting detail waiting for me come Armistice Day. I spent a couple of months in the guardhouse back in the States and I've been wondering whether it's true I'm gonna have to "pay" that time back to the Government by staying in service when normally I'd be due for discharge. Moreover, I'm in a National Guard outfit, and some guy told me that although the Government wanted lost time made up, I wouldn't have to pay that time back if I were a selectee. One more thing: that little guardhouse service cost me dough which I forfeited as part of my sentence, and when the 11,000,000 servicemen and women start scrambling for jobs I could well use that dough—and that couple of months—to look for work, too.

Italy —Pvt. GEORGE BENTON

■ According to the *107th Article of War*, guardhouse prisoners are required before discharge to make up all time lost in the clink, and this includes selectees as well as every other GI. The pay you forfeited will not be returned to you.

What's Your Problem?

Orderlies

Dear YANK:

I think you were wrong when you said in a recent issue that enlisted men can be assigned as officers' orderlies against their will. In *Military Laws of the United States* [Section 202, page 106], I see where *Revised Statutes 1232, 10 USC 608*, states that "no officer shall use an enlisted man as a servant in any case whatsoever." For final proof I refer you to the actual case of an enlisted man who was brought to trial for refusing to obey an officer's order to be his servant. The *Digest of Opinion of the Judge Advocate General, 1912-1940* [page 286], gives an official decision on that case as follows: "An order by a superior officer to an enlisted man to wait on table at an officers' mess is in contravention of RS 1232, which provides that 'no officer shall use an enlisted man as a servant in any case whatsoever.' Such an order is, therefore, illegal and cannot be made the basis for a conviction of willful disobedience under AW 64." Well, YANK?

Alaska —T/Sgt. JESSE B. MORRISON

■ You're right and YANK was wrong. The Judge Advocate General's Office informs us that the decisions you quote still stand. No enlisted man in the American Army may be ordered to be a servant for any officer at any time. It might pay you, however, to recall the old Army saying: "They can't make you do it, but they can make you wish to hell you had done it."

Craps and Conscience

Dear YANK:

I come from the backwoods of North Dakota. I had never seen a crap game until I entered the service. When I saw my first game back in the States I joined in, just for the fun of it. It came my turn to shoot the dice. I shot $5 and made an "11." One of the boys told me this was an easy point to make, so I rolled again. The boys all offered to bet me I wouldn't make "11" again. The sergeant bet me $10 I couldn't make "11" on the next roll. I accepted all bets on this "11" and made it—breaking all my buddies, including the sergeant. After reading the gambling articles in YANK, I now realize that "11" was no point to roll for and that I should have won my $5 on the first roll. I also realize that making an "11" on one roll is a 17-1 bet. So here is my problem. Shall I return the money to my buddies, who I now see were trying to take advantage of me, or shall I keep it? Oh yes, I forgot to mention that I can throw an "11" any time I desire. I learned to do it while playing parchesi back home in Ellenville, N. Dak.

Iran —Pvt. J. H. R.

■ Why write to *What's Your Problem?* Any guy who shoots an "11" anytime he wants to can't possibly have any problems.

Purple Heart

Dear YANK:

In Italy I had a tussle with a German mine and was wounded. They evacuated me pretty fast, fortunately, but I was back in this hospital in the States before I was able to get the Purple Heart award. Now I'm wondering whether I'm even entitled to it at all, since they didn't give it to me. How shall I find out?

Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver —Pfc. JOHN HIGGINS

■ If you had an argument with a mine you've almost certainly earned the Purple Heart. Apply for one to the commander of the detachment of patients at your hospital. Every name general hospital has a supply of Purple Hearts to be awarded to wounded patients who have not yet received them.

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"Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard! Post No. 3!"

STRICTLY G.I.

USAFI Overseas

THE U.S. Armed Forces Institute, which offers correspondence and self-teaching courses to men in service has set up branches in the Southwest Pacific, the South Pacific, the Middle East, and the European and Alaskan theaters. By enrolling through these branches, GIs overseas are now able to sign up for the USAFI courses in less time than was formerly required in dealing directly with the Institute's headquarters at Madison, Wis. To further facilitate matters, each branch grades and corrects the lessons of its own enrollees. The subjects available cover the range from grammar school to university, and the only cost to EM is an enrollment fee of $2.

GI Shop Talk

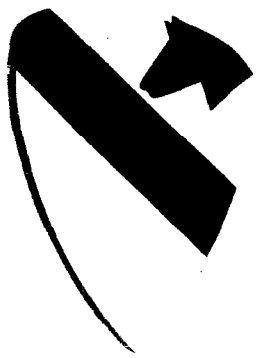
A sharp increase in the volume of overseas Easter mail this year was predicted by the Army Postal Service "both because of the greatly increased number of men overseas and because of an increasing attention to spiritual matters." . . . The Medical Department has developed a new Red Cross canvas marker 100 by 100 feet, plainly recognizable from a height of 25,000 feet.

Personal Affairs

Army Service Forces have established a Personal Affairs Division to provide information, advice and assistance on personal matters to Army personnel and their dependents, discharged military personnel and their dependents and the families of deceased members of the Army. The division will formulate policies and procedures of the personal-affairs program but will not assume administrative functions of other Army, Government or civilian agencies. Its chief work will be to give information aimed at a solution, through proper channels, of problems concerning emergency financial aid, allowances, arrears in pay, War Bonds, gratuity pay, insurance, pensions, legal assistance, employment, vocational rehabilitation, hospitalization, housing facilities and personal effects.

To prevent duplication of work by the American Red Cross and the Army Emergency Relief, most of the AER city sections will be closed and their work taken over by the local Red Cross chapters. The change, says the WD, will not interfere with the use of past or future contributions to AER for emergency assistance to Army personnel and their dependents.

Amphibious Cavalrymen



Army units that took part in the recent surprise landing on Los Negros Island in the Admiralties included elements of the 1st Cavalry Division, said to be the oldest full Cavalry division in the world [*shoulder patch at left*]; the 7th Cavalry Regiment, which dates back to Custer at Little Big Horn, and the 8th Cavalry Regiment, founded in 1840 and reputed to be the oldest U.S. Cavalry regiment.

"Washers"

The 36th "Texas" Division on the Italian front has devised a new game to relieve the process of hurry-up-and-wait. The game, called "Washers," is a combination of horseshoe pitching and golf and is played with metal washers from the ends of empty ammunition crates and two lids from cardboard shell cases, buried in holes 30 feet apart. Two teams of two men each play, each pitching five washers at the lids. The game score is 21, counting one point for the closest washer and five points for a "hole in one."

Washington O.P.

"NONCOMMISSIONED officers are the back-bone of the Army," says a circular now being issued to commanders in the field. "Success in combat," the circular adds, "depends upon the character and qualifications of the noncommissioned officers commanding small units." COs are warned against allowing surplus officers to take over the authority of noncoms, a practice adopted in some organizations with commissioned overstrength, and officers in general are told to deal with GIs through the appropriate NCO.

Col. Syril E. Faine, Ground Forces observer back from Kwajelein, told a press conference that the Japs still don't know what hit them at the Marshalls. Radio communications were one of the first targets. Col. Faine pointed out, and he doesn't believe a single Jap got away from the atoll to describe the tactics used by the American landing forces.

Secretary Stimson confirmed reports that the Army will induct few men who are not qualified for combat. "The primary need is for combat replacements," the secretary said. . . . The Navy's physical standards may be lowered in some respects to equal more nearly the Army's standards.

Brig. Gen. Albert J. Browning, director of the Purchases Division, ASF, reported that in two years B-24 Liberator bombers had decreased in price from $238,000 to $137,000 each, .50-caliber machine guns from $510 to $200 and light tanks from $45,000 to $22,564.

In answer to "What's that?": Officers of co-belligerent countries in the U. S. may now wear the regular U. S. Army uniform, substituting their own insignia and buttons. . . . Cadet Nurse Headquarters here couldn't understand why it was getting so many requests from GIs for the Corps' shoulder patch. Then it heard about collectors. HQ, however, doesn't have any to issue.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

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Ascension Island: Pfc. Nat G. Bodian, ATC.

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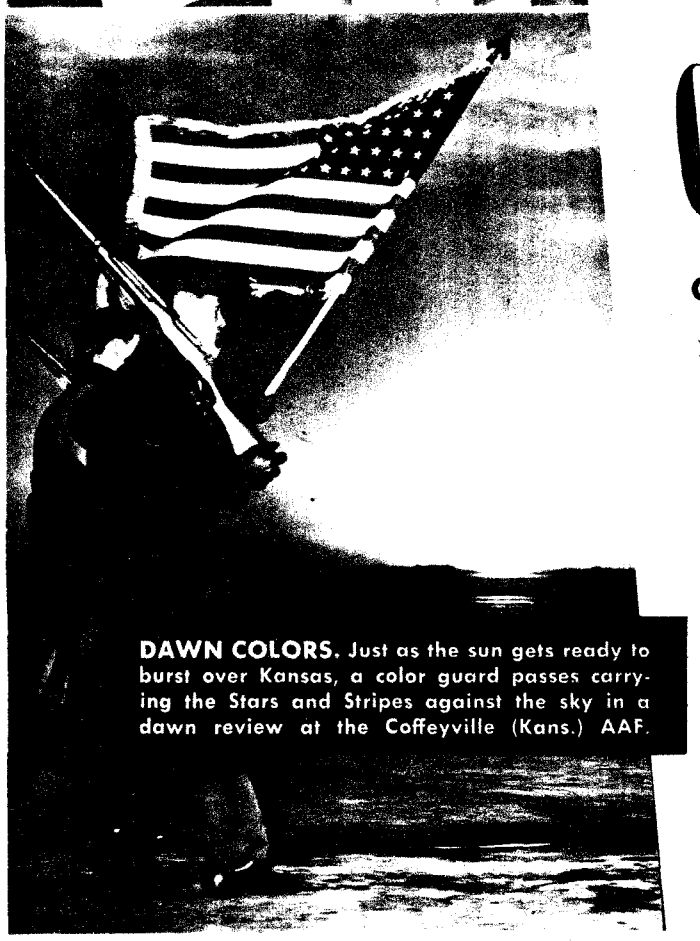
ACK-ACKETTES. These choice Americans were "Battery Queens" among the ladies hand-picked from the vicinity of Camp Haan, Calif., to dance with GIs of the 823d Bn. L. to r.: Joyce Hahn, Dolores Bower, Betty Harper, Geraldine Coon, Cpl. Ann Beluschok and Lorraine Chamberlain.

PA KNOWS. 1st Sgt. Calvin L. McClintock gives his son, Pfc. Calvin L. Jr., a little advice on how to get along in the AAF. They're in Training Command Pilot School, Cochran Field, Ga.



DAWN COLORS. Just as the sun gets ready to burst over Kansas, a color guard passes carrying the Stars and Stripes against the sky in a dawn review at the Coffeyville (Kans.) AAF.

CAMP NEWS

Conversation Piece

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Two Mexican girls on a Los Angeles streetcar sat close to Cpl. David Ortiz, a red-headed member of Co. D, 90th Inf. Tng. Bn. One girl said in Spanish: "If that red-headed Gringo didn't have freckles, he certainly would be the soldier of my dreams." The other one remarked, also in Spanish: "Oh, boy! If the color of his hair would only match mine!"

The girls continued in like manner until Ortiz reached his destination. Then he stood up, bowed very low and, in Spanish, expressed regret that he did not meet their requirements.

Love Can Wait

Fort Sheridan, Ill. — The honeymoon of Sgt. Amanda Anclin Williams and S/Sgt. James Williams was interrupted recently by the post basketball schedule.

Two days after they were married, bridegroom Williams returned to play forward for the B & C School team in a game at Plato Center. Next day the bride, who is a guard on the WAC quintet, went with her team to Peoria, Ill., for a game.

Happy Ending

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—Pvt. Rudolph Beerwald and Therese Schilser, Jewish refugees from the Nazis, were married recently in the chapel of the 63d Infantry Division, thus culminating a romance that began in Berlin in 1938.

Eight days before Germany and Great Britain went to war, Miss Schilser managed to get out of Germany and find safety in Scotland. Beerwald, not so fortunate, was finally able to get out in 1941, just three days before Hitler decreed that no able-bodied Jew could leave the Reich. Beerwald came to the United States, leaving behind his aged parents, who are now dead or in a German concentration camp.

About two months ago Miss Schilser left England for Canada and then came on to Centreville, near this post, to meet Beerwald. The marriage ceremony was performed by a Protestant minister and was witnessed by a Red Cross official and a GI's wife.

Keeps 'Em Walking

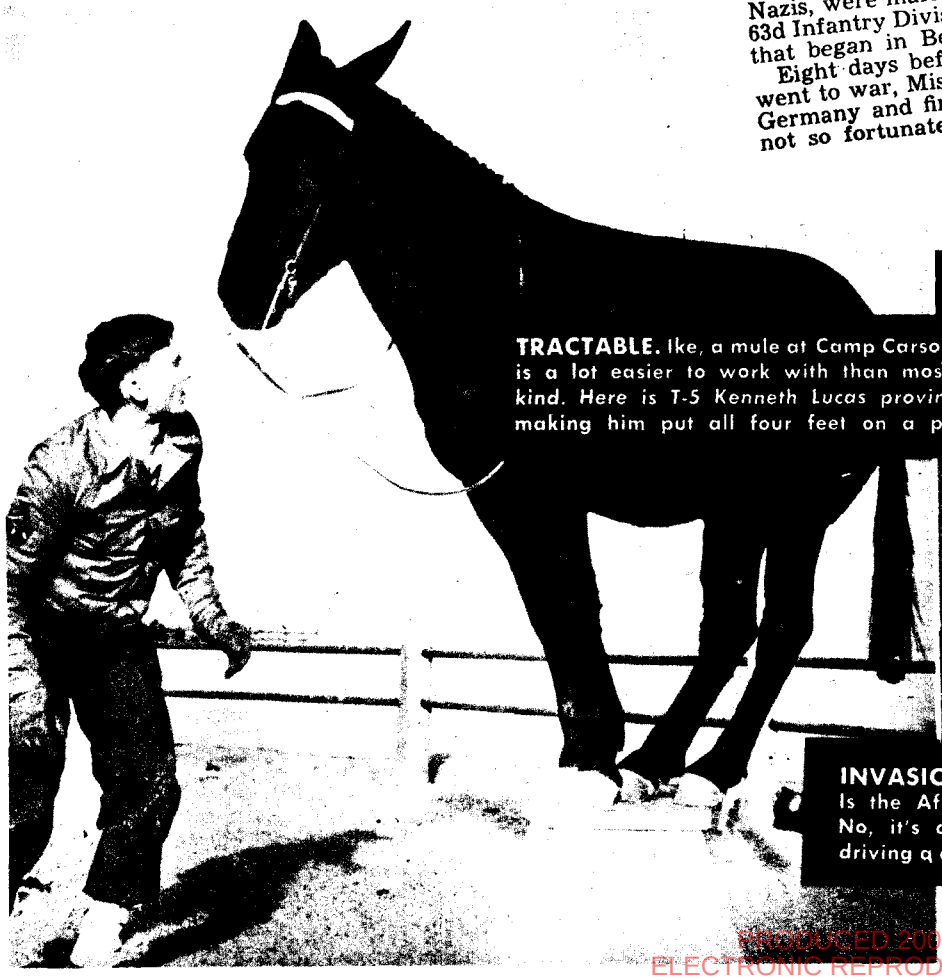
Camp Jos. T. Robinson, Ark. — From assistant clerk in the 264th Infantry dispensary to chiropodist for the whole 66th Infantry Division was the step taken in a year by Sgt. Elliot Bernstein. His civilian pursuit of chiropody made him a very valuable man to keep the feet of the 12,000 infantrymen of the division in condition. In the 264th, Bernstein's own outfit, foot troubles have decreased from 64 to 3 percent.

AROUND THE CAMPS

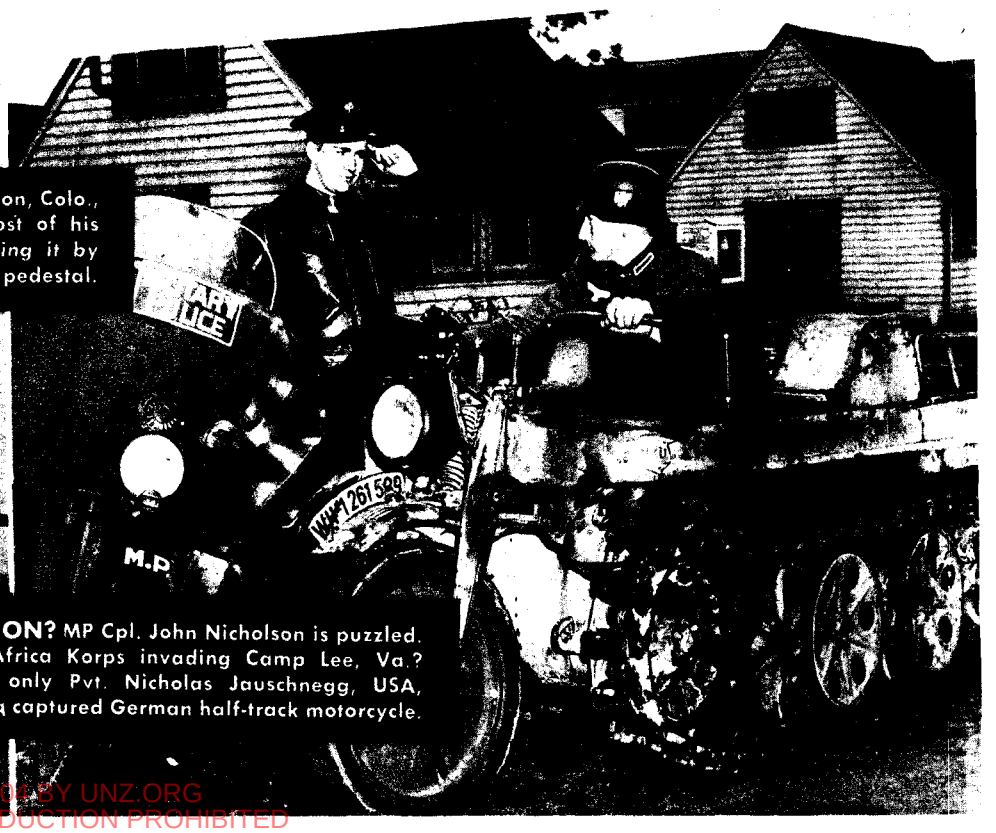
Camp Barkeley, Tex.—When he made corporal three years ago 1st Sgt. Fred Ericksen of the 495th FA Bn. bought a brass whistle. Recently he took the whistle, now weather-beaten and worn, into town to have a gold-plated hash mark put on it.

Camp Chaffee, Ark.—Pvt. Robert Skene of the 787th Tank Bn. expects to rest comfortably in any overseas foxhole. Some one back home thoughtfully sent him a foxhole pillow—a padded headpiece that slips over his head to allow complete comfort. "Now," says Skene, "all I need is someone to dig foxholes for me, and I can fight this war like a gentleman."

Atlanta Ordnance Depot, Ga. — 1st Sgt. Fred Dwyer of the 428th Tire Repair Co. reports that his mail clerk, T-5 Norman Still, has renamed the sick book. He calls it the "Goldbricks' Tabloid."



TRACTABLE. Ike, a mule at Camp Carson, Colo., is a lot easier to work with than most of his kind. Here is T-5 Kenneth Lucas proving it by making him put all four feet on a pedestal.



INVASION? MP Cpl. John Nicholson is puzzled. Is the Africa Korps invading Camp Lee, Va.? No, it's only Pvt. Nicholas Jauschnegg, USA, driving a captured German half-track motorcycle.

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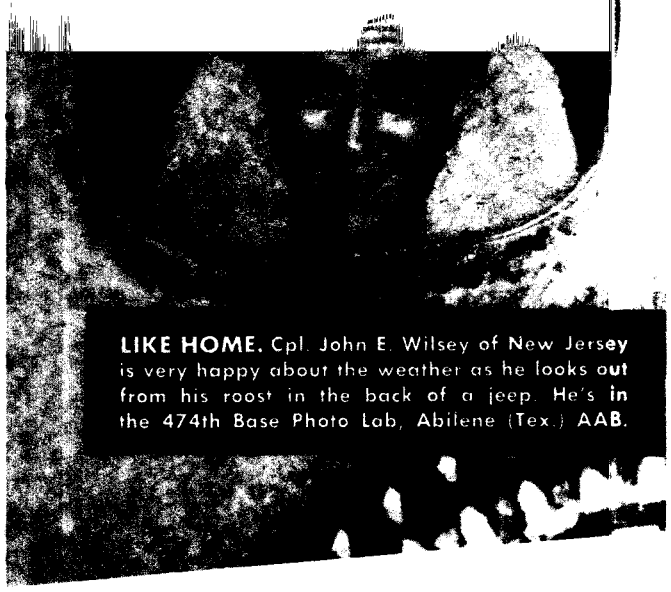

LIKE HOME. Cpl. John E. Wilsey of New Jersey is very happy about the weather as he looks out from his roost in the back of a jeep. He's in the 474th Base Photo Lab, Abilene (Tex.) AAB.

TOOTER. Pfc. Harold L. Shipman, in the Ordnance at Fort Sill, Okla., tests hundreds of horns all alone in the motor pool at least once a day to see if they work. A wonderful job for a kid!

DELIRIUM TREMORS

Camp Stewart, Ga.—It was reveille and very cold, and a private, seeking to be sympathetic with his hard-bitten sergeant whose teeth were chattering, said: "I'm shivering, too, Sarge." The sergeant glared at him and replied: "My boy, you may be shivering, but I'm not. I'm just vibrating with health."

Jefferson Barracks, Mo.—A GI asked one of the girls at a convoy dance her name. "Haug," was the reply. The GI blinked and then told her his name: Pvt. Floyd Pigg of the 21st Tng. Gp. After the dance Pvt. Pigg took Miss Haug home.

Newport Army Air Field, Ark.—Pfc. Orpha Harter could have used up a whole TS card when she found she was detailed to KP on her birthday. Her sister Wacs came through to brighten her day at the noonday meal, however, when they set before her a large decorated cake.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—The CO of Co. A, RTC, received the topper of all requests recently. A man who was AWOL sent the following wire: "PLEASE FORWARD MAIL CARE OF GENERAL DELIVERY, TALLAHASSEE." The CO obliged; he sent the mail and two MPs to make sure the soldier got it.

Salt Lake City Army Air Base, Utah—Pvt. Joe Poller, former trainer for the Chicago Bears pro football team, was asked by a classification interviewer what his civilian occupation had been. Joe answered, "Bear trainer," without thinking to amplify it. The interviewer, after looking over a few request sheets, finally said: "If you have veterinary experience and a license, we can have you assigned to the veterinary detachment."

Fort Bliss, Tex.—It is customary for the adjutant of the 583d Bn., AAATC, to arrange transportation for furloughing men and make sure they have money for the trip. "Have you got your money?" he asked Cpl. Eugene Ruct recently. "Yes, sir," Ruct said, laying 15 cents on the officer's desk. It wasn't until then that the surprised adjutant noticed that Ruct's furlough was to be spent in nearby El Paso.

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—"Ramshackle Inn," a current Broadway stage hit, has several bits of comedy that are strictly GI, and the reason is that a GI wrote the play. The author is Cpl. George Batson of the SSO here; he wrote the comedy two years ago as a civilian but since then made changes to inject the GI flavor.

Camp Adair, Oreg.—The CO of Cannon Co., 276th Inf., thought he had real bait for Section Eight when he heard Cpl. Sherman U. Dionne shouting into a GI can: "Cpl. Dionne! Cpl. Dionne!" Dionne explained. "Well, sir," he said, "nobody ever calls me corporal. I wanted to see how it sounded."

Camp Breckinridge, Ky.—T/Sgt. James Mooney is no raw recruit, but he is having difficulty getting accustomed to the routine tasks of making his bunk, sweeping, etc. The reason, his barracksmates believe, is that before he returned from overseas for reassignment here he had an African boy to serve as his orderly for 20 cents a week.

Camp Haan, Calif.—Pvt. James L. Slaughter of the 3541st Ordnance Co. was not stumped when the post office told him that he couldn't send a rose bush to his girl by mail. He solved his problem by sending her a package of rose seeds.

THAT CERTAIN SOMETHING

Ellington Field, Tex.—When a red, white and blue tie donated by Frank Sinatra was auctioned off at a War Bond rally here, Cpl. Freddy Bar, a member of the post band, knocked it to someone for $300 in bonds. Then Cpl. Bar took off his own GI tie and offered it. A young gal bid $3,000 for it.

SINGING DISHWASHER. If he sings while he works perhaps Pfc. Peter G. Tambakis, at Hill Field, Utah, gets more of a kick out of KP than we do. He sang with the Philadelphia Opera.

MADE TO ORDER. Cpl. Troy Holiman is so tall (6 feet 6 inches) he services the top cylinder of a training plane without a stand at Marana (Ariz.) AAF. With him is Cpl. Roy Crow, 5 feet 2.

BE GOOD! These MPs at Fort Warren, Wyo., are all Army boxing titl holders. L. to r.: Sgt. Ernest McDonald, Pvt. Robert Nora, heavyweight Pvt. James Roberts and Pvt. Jesse Raybon, light heavyweights; Pvt. Lav rence Fletcher, welterweight, and Cpl. Rudolph Barrett, featherweigh

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What goes on in the ENTERTAINMENT WORLD back home

Turhan Bey, Boris Karloff and Susan Foster are featured in Universal's Technicolor film, "The Climax." . . . Ingrid Bergman's next picture will bring to the screen the story of Sarah Bernhardt. . . . Eugene Pallette has been added to the cast of "Manhattan Serenade," musical starring Frank Sinatra. . . . Danny Kaye scored a direct hit in his first screen appearance in "Up in Arms," Technicolor musical that also features Dinah Shore. . . . Phyllis Brooks goes into the cast of Paramount's "Girls' Town," which stars Fred MacMurray and Veronica Lake. . . . William Bendix and Dennis O'Keefe will co-star in United Artists' "Abroad with Two Yanks." . . . George Jessel will produce a musical based on Broadway's Roseland Ballroom. . . . Monogram has just released "Lady, Let's Dance," in which Belita takes stellar honors as both a dancer and ice skater. . . . Robert Young will have the leading role opposite Susan Peters in MGM's "Secrets in the Dark."

Ingrid Bergman

The King Sisters, formerly with Alvino Rey, are headlining the show at Frank Dailey's Terrace Room in Newark, N. J. . . . Duke Ellington goes into the Hurricane, New York City, on Mar. 30. . . . Gladys Tell replaces Kitty Kallen as vocalist with Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Skip Nelson has joined the Teddy Powell outfit, now at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. . . . Jan Garber goes into the Palladium at Hollywood in May. . . . Jimmy Saunders, ex-GI, has joined Charlie Spivak's orchestra as vocalist. . . . Red Nichols, trumpeter, is now with Glen Gray. . . . Johnny Messner, maestro at the Marine Room of the Hotel McAlpin in New York for many years, is going into the Army. . . . Carol Kaye has left Benny Goodman. . . . Buddy De Vito, vocalist with the Eddie Oliver crew, has been signed by Harry James to replace Buddy Moreno, Army-bound. . . . Bobby Allen is the new vocalist with Louis Prima. . . . Pat Cameron replaced Dorothy Claire with Sonny Dunham's orchestra.

The 13th Annual Poll of radio editors, conducted this year by *Billboard*, showed the following choices: Comedian, Bob Hope; quiz-contest program, "Information, Please"; dance orchestra, Guy Lombardo; male vocalist, Bing Crosby; female vocalist, Dinah Shore; sports announcer, Bill Stern; news commentator, Raymond Gram Swing; announcer, Milton Cross; concert singer, Gladys Swarthout; symphonic orchestra, N. Y. Philharmonic; best quarter-hour, Fred Waring; outstanding new star, Frank Sinatra; favorite program, Fred Allen. . . . First performance in the U. S. of Shostakovitch's Eighth Symphony will be broadcast by CBS on Apr. 2. . . . Ed Wynn is due back on the ether with "Ed Wynn's Radio School" as soon as a sponsor acceptable to him is found. . . . Old Golds and the Walgreen Drug chain will co-sponsor airing of the Cubs and White Sox ball games over WJJD and WIND. . . . Benny Goodman is expected to return to the air with a 15-minute, three-times-a-week show sponsored by a cigar outfit.

IF YOU will please stop looking back at that picture across the way and pay just a little attention here we will go on with what we were saying: Irene Manning is a blond who can sing right up to her looks and you can hear her in the Warner Bros. movie "Shine on Harvest Moon." Before that she made the sand more habitable in "The Desert Song."

THE GI HELMET was never made to hold anything like this, but who are we to interrupt a soldier's dream? Anyway, it's nice to think that a girl like Margie uses the same kind of bathtub as thousands of soldiers in the field—even if not simultaneously. Margie is Margie Stewart, the petite RKO-Radio Pictures starlet and, (we are going to beat you to the line) "The Girl You'd Like Most To Go Bathing With." This is one of those cases where it's okay to end a sentence with a proposition.

Clyde Beatty Goes West

Clyde Beatty, the wild-animal trainer, who recently finished an engagement at the Grotto Circus in the Cleveland (Ohio) Arena, is joining forces on the West Coast with Art Concello of flying-trapeze fame, who last season bought the Russell Bros. Circus. The new combination will open the 1944 season with an extended run at Washington and Hill, Los Angeles. Besides Beatty's animals, the show will feature Concello's aerial acts, for many years with Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey.

NIGHT SPOTS

After a run of 20 months as featured singer at the 23 Room of the Hotel George Washington, New York City, Dorothy Ross will ink another years' pact next month. . . . The Panther Room of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago is testing a new policy of continuous dancing. . . . Yvette, the canary who survived the Lisbon Clipper crash a year ago, is at the Clover Club in Hollywood. . . . Zorima, billed as "Queen of the Nudists," was a recent feature at John Q. Public's, Seattle nitery. . . . The National Tavern Owners' Association, in convention at Columbus, Ohio, backed a bill to exempt servicemen from payment of amusement taxes. . . . The Murtah Sisters are at Chez Paree in Chicago. . . . **New Spots:** Latin Quarter and Club Teheran at Philadelphia; Music Box, China Clipper and Lynnhaven in Washington, D. C.; Town House at Albany; Embassy Club at Hollywood; the Casablanca at Oklahoma City. . . . **Burned:** Clover Club at Fort Worth, Tex.; Hi-Lo Tavern at Kalamazoo, Mich.; the Club Royale at Detroit.

Dorothy Ross

Dorsey With Pitt Symphony

Tommy Dorsey has accepted the invitation of Dr. Fritz Reiner, director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, to be guest soloist with that organization next season. Leonard Bernstein, assistant conductor of the N. Y. Philharmonic, has been asked to compose a concerto for trombone for Dorsey's presentation at that time.

Cohan Comedy To Be Filmed

George M. Cohan's comedy, "Pigeons and People," a Broadway attraction of the 1933 season, has been bought for film presentation by RKO-Radio. The play, which Cohan wrote, produced and starred in, concerns a misguided philanthropist who takes a hobo into his home, only to have his private life disrupted by his visitor's strange social preachments.

Ethel Barrymore for Guild Play

The Theater Guild in New York City has confirmed the rumor that Ethel Barrymore has been signed for the starring role in "Embezzled Heaven," a dramatization of the novel of the same name by Franz Werfel. Presentation of the play is expected next fall, in September or October. This will be Miss Barrymore's first new play since "The Corn Is Green," with which she has toured the nation.

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A SIMPLIFIED TAX PLAN

The tax bill this year, as you must know, was
passed when Congress grew weary;
It's a cross between pay-as-you-go and Einstein's
Relativity Theory.
Einstein can prove that time and space are
fourth-dimensional equations,
That two and two make four some place, but not
on all occasions.
While Ruml believes in forgiveness now, skip a
year is his plan,
You see, my friend, why milk the cow when you
can buy milk in a can?
Thus opposite forces converged in debate and
brought forth a compromise pact
That's neither fish nor fowl, I venture to state,
nor based on fiction or fact.
Behold, rare formulae and figures abound to
amaze the mightiest seer;
You calculate round and round and come out, I
think, I hope, out here.
Yet while I'm bewildered and slightly amused,
one thought unwrinkles my brow:
The tax collectors, too, are mighty confused and
are attending a school to learn how.
The day will come, as it surely must, when my
simplified plan will be used;
Mine is the way to less painlessly bust the public
so sorely confused.
My plan may be thought by some as too rash,
and make them hot 'neath the collar,
But it's simpler to let Uncle Sam take our cash
and pay us 10 cents on the dollar.

—Cpl. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

Herbert Smart Airport, Macon, Ga.

NO WORMS TODAY

The early bird can catch the worm:
I never fancied foods that squirm.
Ho-hum, I'll languish late abed
And catch a little sleep instead.

Dale Mabry Field, Fla. —Pfc. SIDNEY MASON

WAC SKETCHES

—Cpl. Sara F. Sykes, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

BALLAD OF BRAVERY

On viewing some recent boxing bouts and exhibitions by Joe Louis, Max and Buddy Baer, et al.

When mastodons of feint and slug
Stand toe to toe to kiss and hug
With brotherly caress and wile,
Then knock each other for a mile,
I put myself within their shoes
To notarize the course I'd choose
If some Goliath, rippling muscle,
Should challenge me to padded tussle.

I've thought the situation out
From opening bell to final clout,
From bloody nose to winded lung
And buckling knees to swollen tongue,
And I have reached the calm decision
That I'd be subject to derision
Since I'm 1-A among the flukes
Who have no option on the dukes.

AAFTAC, Orlando, Fla. —Pfc. KEITH CAMPBELL

YOU READING THIS VERSE

You sitting there by the vines and cleaning your
rifle,
You leaning there on the rail to watch the gray
Convoy of anxious ships, you feeling the awful
Cold at your throat but standing quietly by
The stove in the pilots' room: O let us remember
The things we hated, the things we sickened of,
That we may build a world of better timber
When we go back among the things we love.

The beaches beckon, and the landing barge
Must scrape the sands again; patrols must creep
Upon the hidden sniper; planes must surge
Over the last tall mountain till they sweep
Past cities going down in granite thunder.
But hold to this, O break this promise never:
That younger eyes shall wake on things of
wonder,
That younger hearts shall sing in peace forever.

Waycross AAF, Ga. —Sgt. JAMES E. WARREN JR.

Rawhide Rollins Hits the Trail

A GI WESTERN STORY

SGT. Rawhide Rollins, rangy MP, was leaning against the drink counter of the Post Exchange saloon as she entered—blond and small, a girl whose fashionable clothes bespoke the East. A loud murmur of admiration rose from the rough crowd in green Levis.

"I—I'm looking for my brother," she said in a refined Boston accent. "He hasn't written lately, so fearing something was wrong I came to find him."

"What might be your brother's name, ma'am?" asked Rawhide. Under his shirt the lonely lawman's heart was bucking; he'd been corralled by Cupid at last.

"Jerry Tolman," she answered, her gray eyes surveying his broad shoulders with more than casual interest. "I'm June Tolman."

Rawhide stopped chewing his gum. This was worse'n bar whisky. Jerry Tolman, the wild young rannihan in Bunkhouse 12, had been seen running around lately with the Goof-Off Gang. Rollins had sworn to get the goods on that notorious pack of light-bulb rustlers.

"Let's sashay outside, Miss June," said Rawhide heavily.

Ten o'clock of a bright morning. Rawhide crouched behind a tree in the grove near the mess hall. One by one he watched the outlaws, who worked for the big KP outfit merely as a blind, slip into their hide-out. He groaned as Jerry joined them.

The sergeant was thinking of those bittersweet meetings with June these last few days. Each time he had evaded her probing questions about her brother. Instead he talked of *Betsy Girl*, his olive-colored motorcycle.

"Listen, you buzzards!" The swarthy leader of the Goof-Offs was addressing them. "This is *the* haul. We strip Bunkhouse 12. Tolman, here's your chance to make the final grade with us. Unscrew a big 150-watter and you can put G-O on your dog tags. Game?"

"Hell," said Jerry, "I been running coke bottles out of the orderly room at night, ain't I?" He produced a bottle of coke, and every man took a swig.

Then the rustlers started through the trees toward the bunkhouse area. Grimly Rawhide trailed them, sticking to the street so they wouldn't suspect.

"Hi, pardner!" It was June Tolman behind him, wearing a blue bandanna over her curls. "Take me to see Jerry's bunkhouse, so I can write Mother what it's like. Pretty please?" She clung to his arm.

This was worse'n bar whisky! Rawhide couldn't get her to leave, and he couldn't miss his one chance to trap the gang. He swung on.

A few yards from Bunkhouse 12 he halted. Inside the stealthy sound of footsteps was heard. Inside Rawhide Rollins' conscience a shootin' scrap was in progress. Love against bounden duty. Love got plugged.

"Pardner," he mocked June in a cold whisper, "you dumb tenderfoot, I don't even like you!"

And as she stood frozen in shocked unbelief, he glided to the bunkhouse door, peered in. The light sockets were bare. The bulbs were clutched in the hands of the Goof-Offs, heading for the far door—

Suddenly a figure there covered the others with a long-barreled broom—Jerry Tolman! "Reach! Thought I wanted to join, huh? You coyotes, I was only working undercover to see who was running our lights. Come in, fellows."

Stony-faced occupants of Bunkhouse 12 filed in solemnly. All of them were armed with brooms.

Quietly Rawhide Rollins closed his door, confident justice would be done. Besides he had another case! He found June at his shoulder, her eyes shining with understanding. She tossed her pretty head.

"You don't like me, remember?"

"Shucks," grinned Rawhide, "you're no worse'n bar whisky."

With that he picked Miss June up and raised her to his lips.

Gulfport Field, Miss. —Cpl. CARL HAPPEL

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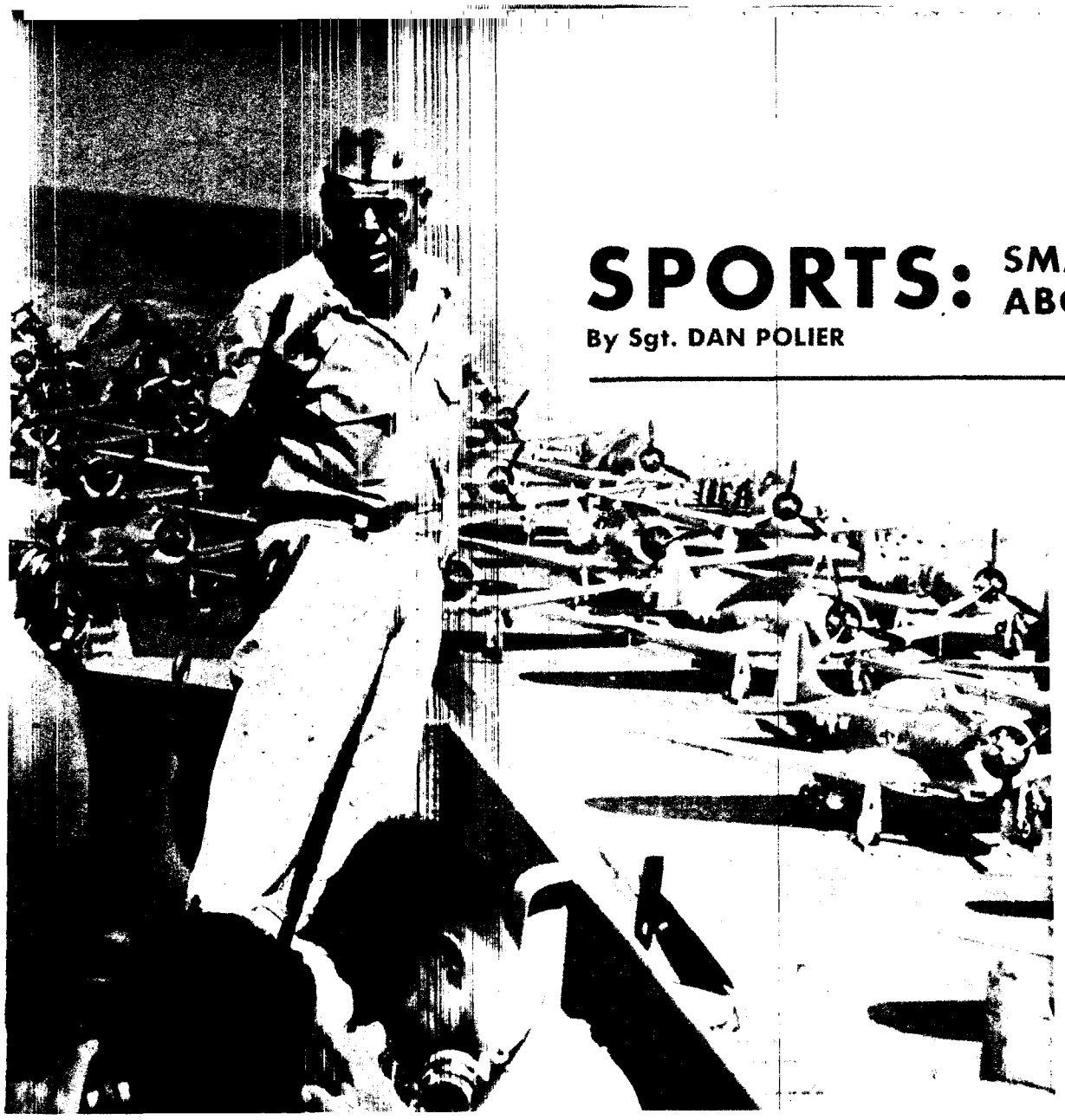
SPORTS: SMALL NOTES AND STORIES ABOUT SOME BIG FELLOWS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER



FANNING JAPS. Lt. Comdr. George Earnshaw, who used to pitch for the Philadelphia Athletics, is now a gunnery officer aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Here he directs his crew at battle stations.

FOOTLOOSE-AND-FANCY-FREE DIVISION. Joe Baski, the Kulpmont (Pa.) heavyweight, who cuffed Tami Mauriello around so elegantly, was once fired as a sparring partner in Lou Nova's training camp because he belted Nova stiffer than an officer candidate. . . . Henry Armstrong, now in 1-A, plans to beat his draft board to the punch by joining the Navy as a volunteer inductee. . . . If Mel Harder decides to leave his war job and join the Indians, he's a gold-plated cinch to become the American League's only 200-game winner. He needs only three more victories. . . . Sgt. Johnny Quigley, the ex-Manhattan quarter-miler and winner of the Silver Star and Purple Heart in North Africa, has been sent back to his old outfit in Italy. . . . Jim Crowley, the Fordham football coach, will become a full commander any day now. He's on Adm. Halsey's staff in the South Pacific. . . . The new Dodger uniforms for night games will be of "jockey satin," which is almost grounds for an investigation by Judge Landis. . . . Everywhere Lefty Gomez went on his recent North African tour, the first question the GIs asked him was: "How did you get away from Johnny Murphy?"

NOTRE DAME has always enforced a strict midnight curfew. One night while Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley was a sophomore, he happened to be wandering around in downtown South Bend. It was almost midnight and Crowley was going anywhere but back to the school, which was two and a half miles from town.

Suddenly he encountered the school's prefect of discipline. The prefect glanced at his watch and then looked at Crowley coldly. It was two minutes until midnight.

"James, you know you're due back at school," said the prefect.

"Not until 12 o'clock, Father," said Crowley.

"Well," said the prefect, "do you think you can make it?"

Crowley thought for a minute, then without batting an eyelash he said wistfully: "Not against this wind, Father."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Glenn Dobbs, ex-Tulsa and ex-Randolph Field, and Indian Jack Jacobs, ex-Oklahoma and ex-March Field, are attending OCS at Miami Beach, Fla. . . . Lt. Bob Ison, former All-American end at Georgia Tech, is stationed at the New London (Conn.) submarine base. . . . Pvt. Tommy Bridges, Detroit pitcher, and Pvt. Maurice Van Robays, Pittsburgh outfielder, are taking basic together at Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Lt. Bernie Masterson, the old Nebraska quarterback, is directing the Navy's athletic program down in Dutch Guiana. . . . Lt. Jim Lansing, Fordham's All-American end, is flying a bomber in the South Pacific, which he has named, naturally, the *Fordham Ram*. His teammate, Lt. Jim Noble, is operating a pursuit job off a carrier. . . . Cpl. Bob Nestell, who used to be a fine heavyweight on the Coast, is a patient in a North African hospital, recovering from wounds he picked up in the Sicily campaign. . . . Lt. Sam Chapman, the slugging A outfielder, is a flight instructor at the Corpus Christi (Tex.) Naval Air Station. . . . CPO Freddie Cochrane, NBA welterweight champion, is now stationed at Treasure Island, Calif. . . . Lt. Bob Barnett, who played center on two Duke Rose Bowl teams, is a member of a Marine fighter squadron on Bougainville.

MANAGER BILLY SOUTHWORTH is prepared for the worst now that Pepper Martin is coming back to play with the Cardinals. In the old days, Pepper was never greatly impressed by the management, especially Frankie Frisch. One day Frisch walked out of the hotel and just missed being hit on the head with a paper bag full of water. He looked up and spotted Pepper leaning out of a fourth-floor window. Frisch raced up the stairs and into Pepper's room shouting:

"Don't you know you could have killed me?"

"I know it, Frank," said Pepper. "We both gotta be more careful."

SERVICE RECORD. *Inducted:* **Tex Hughson,** ace right-hander of the Boston Red Sox, into the Navy; **Slats Marion,** St. Louis Cardinal shortstop, into the Army; **Phil Hergesheimer,** star right wing of the Cleveland Barons, into the Canadian Navy; **Mickey Livingston,** No. 1 Chicago Cub catcher, into the Army; **Sammy Byrd,** former major league outfielder who turned golf pro, into the Navy; **Roy Weatherly,** New York Yankee outfielder, into the Army; **Joe Moore,** one-time New York Giant outfielder, into the Navy; **Paul Dean,** brother of Dizzy and former Cardinal and Giant pitcher, into the Army; **Ben Chapman,** ex-American League outfielder and 1942 manager of the Richmond Colts, into the Army; **Pinky Higgins,** Detroit outfielder, into the Army; **Chet Laabs,** outfielder for the St. Louis Browns, into the Army.

Rejected: **Buck Newsom,** newly-acquired Philadelphia Athletic pitcher, because of a broken kneecap; **Pug Manders,** Brooklyn Dodger fullback, because of old injuries to his back; **Jug McSpaden,** hottest golfer on the winter circuit, because of acute asthma; **Bob Seymour,** fullback for the Washington Redskins, because of a knee injury; **Howie Schultz,** 6-foot-7 Brooklyn first baseman, for the second time because of his height; **Alex Wojciechowicz,** Detroit Lions center, because of an ailing shoulder.

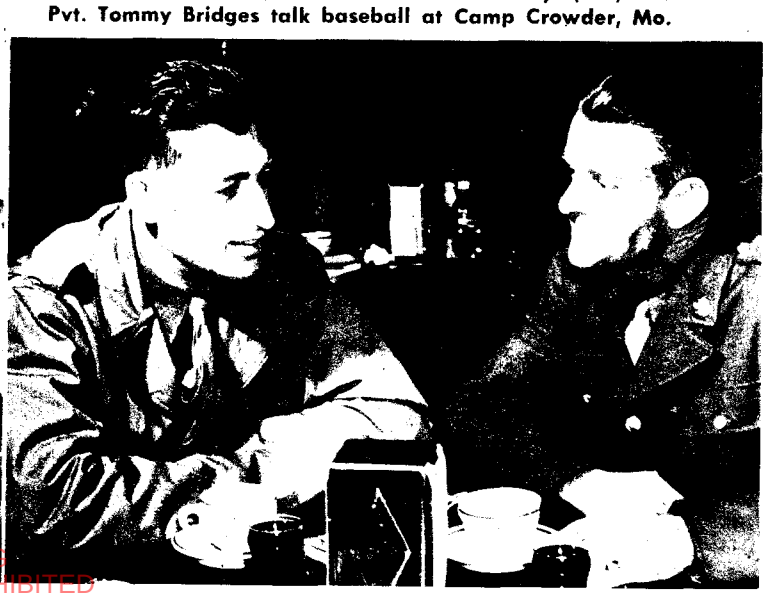
Reclassified 1-A: **Hal Trosky,** Cleveland first baseman traded last season to the Chicago White Sox; **Satchel Paige,** famous negro pitcher; **Steve Sundra,** right-hander of the St. Louis Browns; **Elmer Riddle,** 21-game winner for the Cincinnati Reds.

Accepted: Pfc. **Mickey McCardle,** Southern Cal. quarterback, for Marine OCS, Quantico, Va.

Killed in action: **Lt. Pete Holovak,** Fordham backfield star, in a plane crash on Tarawa.

SHIPPING. Capt. Ted Lyons, White Sox pitcher, awaiting Pacific assignment at PE.

EX-BIG LEAGUERS. Pvt. Maurice Van Robays (left) and Pvt. Tommy Bridges talk baseball at Camp Crowder, Mo.



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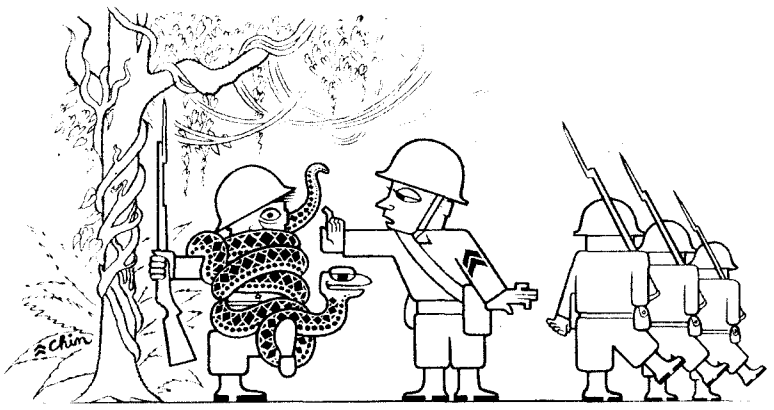

"NOW, POLINCAS—MUSTN'T FRATERNIZE WITH THE WOODFOLK."
—Sgt. Kay Chin

"WELL, GUESS IT'S TIME I WAS TURNING IN."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

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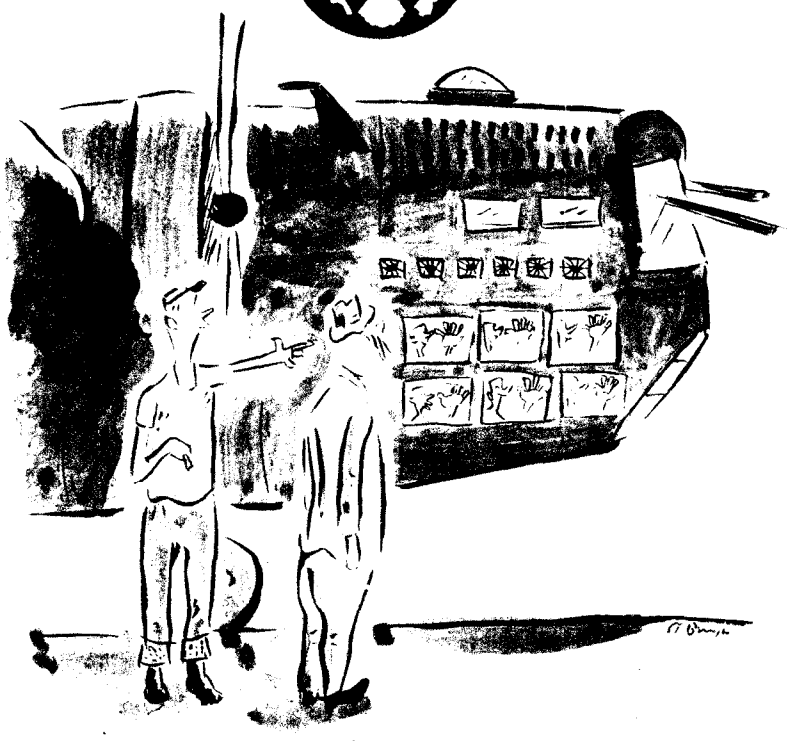
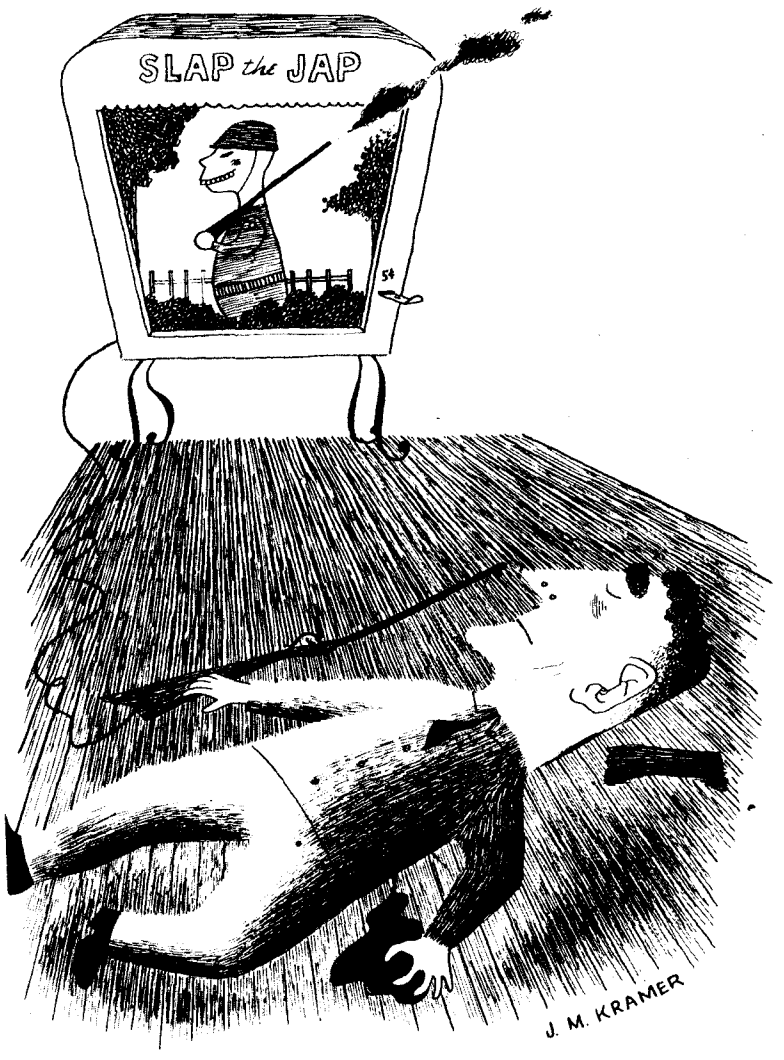


"AND THOSE ARE FOR THE TIMES WE'VE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY RADIO TOKYO."
—Cpl. Ozzie St. George



—Pfc. Joseph M. Kramer

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